

AUG 2 1944

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JULY 7, 1944

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Collectors desiring to receive, as issued, the complete series of Yardley Sale Catalogues and List of Prices Realised, should remit 10s. 6d. Catalogues of all H. R. Harmer's Weekly Stamp Sales for Season (September, 1944, to July, 1945), 10/-; with Lists of Prices Realised, 3s/-.

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Under Personal and Miscellaneous 2/- per line. Other headings 1/6. (Min. 3 lines)

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COUNTRY LIFE

VOL XCVI. No. 2477

JULY 7, 1944

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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ONE OF THE MOST RENOWNED SPORTING AND RESIDENTIAL PROPERTIES OF THE NORTH.

THE FAMOUS ESTATE OF MALHAM TARN

With MALHAM TARN HOUSE in a delightful position on the banks of the Tarn and containing: Hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, domestic offices, stables, garages, etc. Central heating and electric light. (The purchaser will be given the option to take over a certain quantity of furniture at valuation.)

WATERHOUSES FARM—LET AT £140 PER ANNUM

5 Cottages. MALHAM TARN LAKE (153 ACRES), the second largest inland water in Yorkshire and possessing, according to Charles Kingsley, "the best fishing in the whole earth."

In all 868 ACRES

Together with the proprietorship in perpetuity of the valuable shooting rights over the adjoining well-known Malham grouse moors (average bag 1,000 brace) extending to 9,786 ACRES

AND EXTENSIVE FISHING IN THE BURNS.

To be offered for SALE by AUCTION (unless sold previously by private treaty) by Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, at the BLACK HORSE HOTEL, SKIPTON, on FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1944, at 3 p.m.

Catalogues (price 1s.) of: Solicitors: Messrs. Hunters, 9, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. (Tel.: Holborn 6333). Auctioneers: Messrs. JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 15, Bond Street, Leeds 1 (Tel. 31269); also at London, Northampton, Yeovil, Cirencester, etc.

WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND

EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR INSTITUTION OR SCHOOL.

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED ESTATE OF 3,000 ACRES ODD

Sea frontage.

HOUSE IN PARK FULLY MODERNISED

4 reception rooms, billiard room, 9 principal bedrooms and 9 staff rooms. 4 cottages. 2 FARMS AND SMALL HOLDING.

WONDERFUL RHODODENDRONS.

PRICE £25,000

Particulars from JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, Bridge Street, Northampton.



Grosvenor 3121
(3 lines)

WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

SUSSEX

In a beautiful district 2 miles from a Railway Station, having first-class service of non-stop trains to London, doing the journey in 50 minutes.

A BEAUTIFUL TUDOR HOUSE

with more recent additions. It possesses richly carved bargeboards, old mullioned windows with leaded lights, and is built of small hand-made bricks, the roof being mostly covered with Horsham stone flagging. All the reception rooms and principal bedrooms are oak-panelled. Main electric light, gas. Central heating. Company's water. Main drainage.

Inner hall, library and smoking room, great parlour, little parlour, dining room, 16 bed and dressing rooms, billiards room, 7 bathrooms, and convenient domestic offices.

Garage. Stabling. Chauffeur's flat. Henry VII lodge. Gardener's house. Farmhouse and cottage.

The GARDENS form a perfect complement to the beautiful House, formal garden, bowling alley, privy garden, stately lime avenue, herbaceous borders, and fine old lawns, and have been MAINTAINED up to pre-war standard. Hard tennis court. Productive KITCHEN GARDEN with RANGE OF GLASSHOUSES. PARKLAND and WOODLAND.

Home Farm with Buildings and Dairy. Grass and Arable Land.

IN ALL ABOUT 150 ACRES
FREEHOLD FOR SALE

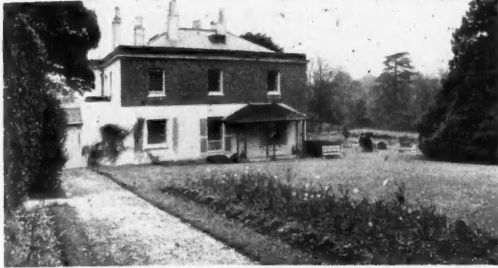


Personally inspected and highly recommended by the Agents: Messrs. WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1.
Vendor's Solicitor: W. WALLACE HARDEN, Esq., 49, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

WEST SUSSEX—AT THE FOOT OF THE SOUTH DOWNS

Near a picturesque Village and 1 mile from a small market Town. Bus services pass the gates; station a few minutes' walk.



FOR SALE FREEHOLD

(Deferred Possession)

A well-appointed Residence of Georgian character with excellent views and approached by a long drive.

Panelled hall and dining-room, 2 other reception rooms, 7-9 bedrooms (4 with basins), 2 bathrooms, domestic offices with maids' sitting-room.

Co.s' electric light, gas and water. Garages for 4 cars. Stabling. Cottage.

Park-like Grounds of about 9 Acres with undulating lawns, specimen trees, walled kitchen gardens, fish ponds and 2 paddocks.

The Residence is at present held under requisition.



Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (37,396)

NORTH DEVON

Under 1 mile from famous Golf Course.

5 minutes from 'bus route and 2½ miles from Main Line Station and market Town.

STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE standing on high ground with unsurpassed views over the Moors and the sea. Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 principal bed and dressing rooms; good servants' accommodation; 2 bathrooms; excellent offices.

Companies' electricity, gas and water. 2 garages. Stabling.

PLEASURE GROUNDS including lawns and 3 paddocks,

About 6 ACRES FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (37,335)

FULLY LICENSED HOTEL

Standing in a beautiful park, about half an hour from London and adjoining a Golf Course.

Accommodation: ballroom and 8 reception rooms, 45 bedrooms, 10 bathrooms.

Central heating throughout, and all services.

Extensive garages. Squash court, 3 tennis courts. Gardens and grounds 23 acres. Accessible but secluded and highly profitable.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (29,855)

FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY

In a quiet situation. Under 10 minutes' walk from Station with service to Waterloo in about 35 minutes.

GOLF ON SEVERAL FAMOUS COURSES.

AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE, built of brick and tile and partly rough-cast. It is in good order and contains:

3 reception rooms, cloakroom, domestic offices with maids' sitting-room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, box room.

All main services.



Double garage with room over.

THE GROUNDS include lawn, formal and rock gardens, fruit and vegetable gardens, range of glass, etc. In all

JUST UNDER 1½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,685)

Mayfair 3771
(10 lines)

20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams: Galleries, Wesdo, London

Reading 4441

Regent 0293/3377

NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

1, STATION ROAD, READING; 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY W.1

Telegrams:

"Nicholas, Reading"

"Nichenyer, Piccy, London"

HAMPSHIRE (Between Hartley Wintney and Fleet)

FOR SALE

WITH VACANT POSSESSION IN EARLY AUTUMN.

A MODERN COMPACT SMALL COUNTRY RESIDENCE

Situated in delightful wooded country with open views, facing South, and within easy reach of shopping centre and station (main line).

The property has all modern conveniences, including ample fitted cupboard accommodation, basins in all bedrooms, steel casement windows, central heating and power plugs throughout, and is in perfect structural and decorative repair.

The accommodation comprises: Entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, loggia, cloakroom, well fitted domestic offices, Ideal boiler, maids' sitting-room, 6 bedrooms and dressing room, 2 bathrooms. Large storage accommodation in attic. Garage with wash.

Well designed and matured gardens, including lawns, flower, rose and vegetable gardens, also small coppice.

IN ALL OVER 1 ACRE IN EXTENT

For SALE with POSSESSION in Early Autumn. PRICE £6,500

Further particulars: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading, and 4, Albany Court Yard, Piccadilly, W.1.

REQUIRED TO PURCHASE

MESSRS. NICHOLAS HAVE NOW ON THEIR REGISTERS A NUMBER OF PURCHASERS WHO ARE ACTIVELY SEEKING PROPERTIES IN BERKSHIRE AND NEIGHBOURING COUNTIES. Their requirements vary from 5 to 10 or 12 bedrooms, 3 to 4 reception rooms and usual amenities. POSSESSION REQUIRED EITHER IMMEDIATELY OR AFTER THE CLOSE OF HOSTILITIES.

GOOD PRICES OFFERED FOR THE RIGHT PROPERTY

Owners who may be thinking of selling either now or in the future—please communicate with MESSRS. NICHOLAS who will be pleased to inspect and advise without any obligation on the part of the Owner.

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF HANTS
Close to the Rivers Itchen and Test. 6 miles Winchester.



WELL MODERNISED COUNTRY HOUSE. 3 reception, 8-10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, fitted wash-basins; central heating; main services. Double garage and flat. Lovely gardens, two orchards, belt of woodland, fish ponds, etc., nearly 7 ACRES. FREEHOLD £8,000. Post-war occupation.—F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

ON THE RIVER AT MAIDENHEAD,
BERKSHIRE



ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE with boat-house and landing stage. 2 large reception, 6 bedrooms (fitted basins), 2 bathrooms. Central heating. Main services. Also 5-roomed cottage. 2 garages. Beautiful gardens, mostly wooded. Paddock, 2 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £4,950.—F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

A SURREY SHOW PLACE
A picked position on private estate only 14 miles London,



ENTRANCING COTTAGE RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER, with private gate to golf course. Creamwashed, green shuttered windows, and green pantiled roof. Expensively fitted with panelled oak doors, strip electric lighting, central heating, etc. 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, fitted wash-basins, sun lounge, 2 bathrooms. Main services. 2 garages, outbuildings, etc. Charming woodland gardens, flagged terraces, ornamental trees and shrubs. 1 ACRE. Vacant possession. Freehold, at tempting price.



HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1
Regent 8222 (15 lines)
Telegrams: "Solantel, Piccy, London"



By Order of Executors.

WEST SUSSEX

Practically adjoining Chichester Harbour and 7 miles S.W. of the City.

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-PLACED FREEHOLD ESTATE

LOT 1. OLDHOUSE AND CHURCH FARMS, ITCHENOR

with excellent farm buildings, including modern cowhouse for 20. Spacious bungalow (let). 2 Cottages. 113 ACRES of fertile Arable and 39 ACRES Grassland. In all about 155 ACRES, having valuable building potentialities for lucrative development.

LOT 2. LARKFIELD COTTAGE

PICTURESQUE BUNGALOW with hall, sitting rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom (h. & c.), kitchenette. Companies' electric light and water. Large garden.

LOT 3. EXCELLENT BUILDING SITE OF NEARLY HALF AN ACRE. NOW KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDEN

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

To be SOLD by AUCTION, at THE DOLPHIN HOTEL, CHICHESTER, on WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 2nd, 1944, at 3 o'clock (unless previously sold privately).

Solicitors: Messrs. SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18, Austin Friars, E.C.2.

Particulars, plan, and conditions of sale from the Joint Auctioneers: Messrs. STRIDE & SON, LTD., Southdown House, St. John Street, Chichester
HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

BERKSHIRE

Within easy reach of Newbury and Reading.

A CHOICE MODERN QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE

in a picked position on the edge of well-known commonslands. With lovely views.



4 reception rooms, 6 principal bed and dressing rooms. Nursery suite, 4 secondary bedrooms. All fitted with basins. 4 bathrooms. Good offices. Aga cooker. Central heating. Companies' electricity and water. Garage for 4. Pretty established gardens. Orchard. Grass and hard tennis courts.
50 ACRES
(including 30 acres woods)
GOOD COTTAGE

PRICE FREEHOLD £20,000

POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT

Full particulars from the Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (B.30,937)

FARNHAM, SURREY

1½ miles of Station and some 300 ft. above sea level.

A SUBSTANTIAL RESIDENCE IN A BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT



9 bedrooms, 2 maids' rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Central heating. Electric light. Main water. Garage. Dairy. Stabling. 5 Cottages. WALLED KITCHEN GARDEN range of glass, orchard, tennis and croquet lawns and some
65 ACRES
of meadow land with frontage to river Wey.

IN ALL NEARLY 80 ACRES

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REGent 8222.) (S 33322)

OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL RURAL POSITION

ESSEX

3 miles from Chelmsford, 50 minutes from Town.

CHARMING ELIZABETHAN-STYLE RESIDENCE

Facing South.



3 reception rooms, loggia, 6 bed and dressing rooms, 3 attic bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. All main services. Central heating. Garage. Cottage. Matured grounds and Grassland, etc. In all about
6 ACRES
PRICE £6,000
FREEHOLD
An additional 28 ACRES if desired.

Recommended by the Joint Agents: Messrs. STRUTT & PARKER, 2, High Street, Chelmsford (Tel.: Chelmsford 3523); and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (M.45,762)

OXFORDSHIRE

In the Heythrop country. Near pretty village, 4 miles from main line station.

ATTRACTIVE STONE-BUILT ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE

IN A CHARMING SITUATION



Fine hall, 4 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, nurseries, 4 bathrooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Farmery. Good stabling. Tithe barn. 2 Cottages. OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS AND RICH PASTURE-LAND ABOUT
50 ACRES IN ALL
1½ MILES OF FISHING

POSSESSION BY ARRANGEMENT

PRICE FREEHOLD £15,000

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (B.32,753)

SURREY HILLS

Magnificent position 800 ft. up, with a lovely view. 1 mile of Station and under 20 miles of London.

CHOICE PICTURESQUE MODERN HOUSE

SUPERBLY FITTED AND LABOUR-SAVING

7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms.

Central heating.

Main services.

GARAGES, 2 COTTAGES EXQUISITE GROUNDS 2 PADDOCKS

In all about

7 ACRES

Highly recommended by the Sole Agents: Messrs. FRIEND and NIGHTINGALL, Market Square, Westerham (Tel.: Westerham 180), and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. (REG. 8222.)

By Order of the Executors.

WEST SURREY

Under 20 miles from London. Superb and extensive views. Main line fast trains. (30 minutes).

FINE EXAMPLE OF A MODERN, LUXURIOUSLY FITTED AND LABOUR-SAVING HOUSE

Hall; lounge, 33 ft. x 19 ft.; 2 other charming reception rooms, sun room, 8 bedrooms (fitted basins), 4 bathrooms. ALL MAIN SERVICES. Central heating. 2 Lodges. Garages. Magnificent grounds. Swimming Pool. Rockeries. Walled Kitchen Garden. Natural Woodland.

IN ALL ABOUT

7 ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD ON APPLICATION



A REALLY LOVELY HOME

SANDY SOIL. SUNNY ASPECT.

Further particulars from Sole Agents: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (S.43,886)

BRANCH OFFICES: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19

(WIM. 0081).

BISHOP'S STORTFORD (243).

Regent
4304

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,
PICCADILLY, W.1

HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS

Occupying a quiet position away from traffic nuisances yet within a mile of a station with splendid train services to town.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE thoroughly up to date and in first-class order throughout.

Small hall, 3 reception rooms, loggia, usual offices with servants' sitting-room, 6 bedrooms (all with lavatory basins, h. & c.), 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating. 2 excellent Garages.Delightful well-maintained gardens including lawns, flower beds and borders, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and a small copse. In all **A LITTLE OVER AN ACRE.****FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH DEFERRED POSSESSION**

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,476)

FAVOURITE WEYBRIDGE DISTRICT

Within a few minutes' walk of Outlands Park, near to a bus route and within convenient reach of the station.

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE OCCUPYING A SPLENDID POSITION OBTAINING THE MAXIMUM AMOUNT OF SUN

Hall, 4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 baths.

ALL MAIN SERVICES**GARAGE**Charming well laid out garden in splendid order and extending to **ABOUT 1 ACRE****PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,481)

HANTS (near Winchester)

Occupying a magnificent position commanding glorious views to the South and South-East

A DELIGHTFUL SMALL ESTATE WITH A SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE Fine lounge (40ft. by 21ft.), 3 other reception rooms, 11 bedrooms (all fitted basins), 4 baths.Co.'s electricity, gas and water. **Central heating. Farm Buildings, Lodge, 2 Cottages. Garages.**

Pretty pleasure gardens, hard tennis court, partly walled kitchen garden, parklands, woodland, farmland, etc., in all

ABOUT 215 ACRES**Note.—The Lodge, park and land are let.****FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Sole Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,479)

BUCKS

Between Aylesbury and Buckingham, convenient for Main Line Station to London

Sheltered situation in rural country—For Sale

AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE OF CHARACTERMain electricity and water. **Central heating.**

Lounge hall, 3 reception, dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Hunter Stabling. Farmery. 3 Cottages.Very Pleasant Gardens. **Excellent Pasture.****Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.****24 ACRES**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. Inspected and highly recommended. (16,730)

23, MOUNT ST.,
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Grosvenor
1441

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE IN HANTS

**BETWEEN WINCHESTER AND BASINGSTOKE** and surrounded by its own estate of **185 ACRES.** 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception. Home farm. For Sale privately with Possession after the war.**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

WEST SURREY BORDER

Lovely position, an hour from London

**BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE OF GREAT CHARM.** In perfect order, with every comfort and convenience. 12 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 4 reception. Garages. 3 cottages. Lovely gardens, pasture and woodland. At present Let. Possession after the war.**40 ACRES FOR SALE.**

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

FINE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

In a lovely, unspoiled part of Suffolk

**A MOST DELIGHTFUL OLD HOUSE** with period decorations and surrounded by lovely old gardens with ornamental water. 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception. Electric light. Central heating. Home Farm (let). 3 Cottages. **FOR SALE WITH 200 ACRES****WITH POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR.**

Agents: WILSON & Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

OXFORD
4637/8.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD & CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING
NORTON
39

BETWEEN CIRENCESTER AND OXFORD

In a small and picturesque Cotswold village.

A LOVELY OLD STONE-BUILT AND STONE-TILED COTSWOLD RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

the subject of skilful enlargement and modernisation.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, fine panelled library, 13 principal bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Main electric light. Good water supply. Central heating. Telephone. Well-built garages, stabling and outbuildings.

EXCELLENT COTTAGE (1/2 more available if desired)

Charming grounds, partly surrounded by an old moat, including water garden, rose garden, clipped yew hedges, orchard, hard tennis court and large paddock.

In all about 12 ACRES**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Subject to the existing requisition by the W.L.A.

AN UNUSUALLY DISTINCTIVE AND BEAUTIFUL POST-WAR COUNTRY HOME

Recommended from personal inspection by: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, as above.

ON THE BORDERS OF THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY

(Burford 6 miles).

AN EXCEPTIONALLY PLEASING AND COMFORTABLE MEDIUM-SIZED COUNTRY HOUSE

occupying a completely secluded and undisturbed position, facing due south and enjoying lovely rural views, surrounded by charming grounds, fringed by a quarter-of-a-mile of trout stream.

3 sitting rooms, 6-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, modern offices. Main electric light, main water supply, telephone, central heating

Stabling and Garage. Good Cottage.

Delightful gardens, including fruit garden and orchard, together with a large paddock.

In all about 5 ACRES**MORE LAND POSSIBLY AVAILABLE.****FOR SALE FREEHOLD****WITH VACANT POSSESSION, OCTOBER, 1945.**

Apply: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1
(Euston 7000)

MAPLE & Co., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1
(Regent 4685)

UPHAM HOUSE

By Order of the Exors. of the late Captain Dermot Hanbury.

WILTS

A few miles from the BERKSHIRE BORDERS between HUNGERFORD and SWINDON

THE UPHAM HOUSE ESTATE, ALDBOURNE THE ESTATE IS FREEHOLD, EXTENDING TO 1,330 ACRES and comprises:**UPHAM HOUSE.** A 16th-century house with historical associations containing: Banqueting hall, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc. **ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING.** Old-world gardens, copse and plantations of **48 ACRES.** Garage for 6 cars. Stabling. Six-roomed flat. The gate house with sitting room, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.**UPHAM FARM,** extending to **682 ACRES** with FARM BUILDINGS and 4 COTTAGES.**LIDDINGTON FARM** of **602 ACRES** with FARM HOUSE, BUILDINGS and 3 COTTAGES.**THE BEECHES, LIDDINGTON.** A small BUNGALOW RESIDENCE.**UPHAM FARM, LIDDINGTON FARM and THE BEECHES** are let and produce a Rental of **£982 PER ANNUM.**

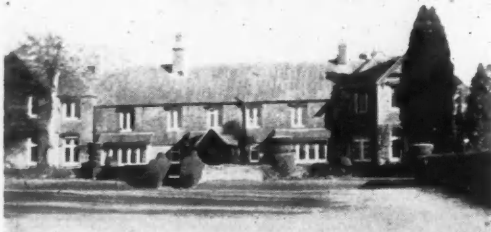
Full details may be had of the Sole Agents: MAPLE & Co., LTD., 5 Grafton Street, W.1.

Grosvenor 1553
(4 lines)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

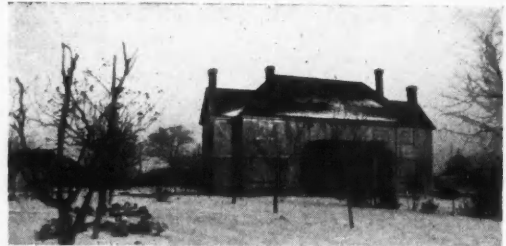
25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
68, Victoria St.,
Westminster, S.W.1.WITH VACANT POSSESSION IN
HAMPSHIRE

THIS ATTRACTIVE AND WELL ARRANGED RESIDENCE. 400 feet above sea level. 2 miles from two stations. 11 bed, 3 bath, 3 reception and billiard room. Electric light. Ample water. Modern drainage. Central heating. LODGE. COTTAGE, GARAGE AND STABLING. WELL TIMBERED GROUND. IN ALL ABOUT 13 ACRES. Shooting over 900 acres can be rented. **FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION** (except some buildings).—All further particulars of: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A.3177)

ESSEX (Nr. ST. OSYTH)

Within 5 minutes' walk of the sea.



THIS MODERN TUDOR RESIDENCE. Lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bed, 2 baths. Main electric light and water. Central heating. Modern drainage. Garage. **ABOUT 4 ACRES OF GARDENS**
FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR
All further details from GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount St., London, W.1. (A5045)

3, MOUNT ST.,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor
1032-33

IN A VERDANT CORNER OF BEECH-CLAD CHILTERN HILLS

400 feet above sea level. Midway between Chesham and Watford.

A LOVELY HOUSE OF PECULIAR AND
UNUSUAL CHARM

Erected a few years ago to the designs of a notable architect in the ITALIAN-MOORISH-SPANISH STYLE.

3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity and power, company's water. Central heating throughout. Garages.

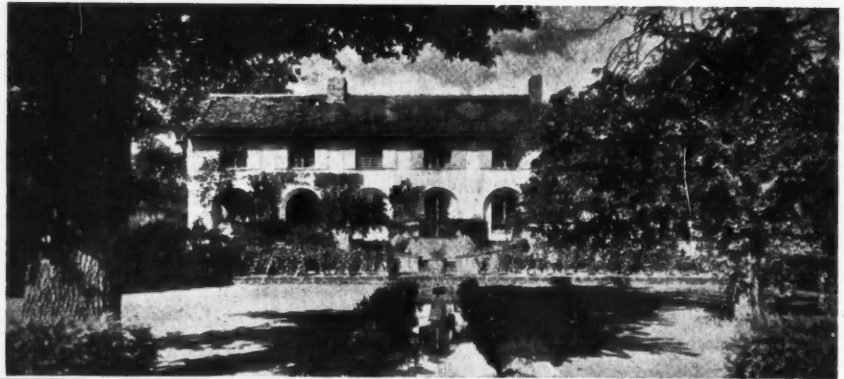
OLD WORLD GARDENS. FINE TREES. Orchards and Paddock. About **5 ACRES**

Bounded by farmland and woods.

FREEHOLD, FOR SALE PRIVATELY

With or without valuable contents.

Recommended with utmost confidence by RALPH PAY AND TAYLOR, as above.



CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

(1/6 per line. Min. 3 lines.)

AUCTIONS

By AUCTION at the LONDON AUCTION MART, E.C.4, on WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1944, at 2.30 p.m.

FREEHOLD. BERKS.

The well-known SONNING GOLF COURSE, 18 holes, 148 ACRES. Situate on the Bath Road, 3 miles from Reading and under 40 miles from London.

The Sale includes spacious furnished clubhouse, squash courts, sundry cottages, etc. (all as let), maintenance equipment, etc. Also (if desired) the benefit of the existing Club organisation as now conducted by the Vendor. The whole is eminently suitable for post-war addition of full Country Club amenities. Also to be offered, Freehold, the remaining land on the SONNING LINKS ESTATE, area about 20 ACRES, for early post-war development. The 6 Residential Sites have total Road Frontages of about 3,900 ft. to West Drive, Pound Lane and the old Bath Road. For Sale in 1 or 6 Lots. Auctioneers: Messrs.

HILLIER PARKER MAY & ROWDEN,
77, Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.
Solicitors: Messrs. Gery & Brooks, 10, Old Cavendish Street, W.1.

DORSET

Near Bournemouth.

Artistically designed MODERN RESIDENCE with Norfolk reed roof. Accommodation on one floor. 2 reception rooms, bathroom, cloakroom, loggia, 4 bedrooms fitted basins (additional bedrooms available), garage. Orchard, woodland, grass, about 11 ACRES. AUCTION JULY 10, or PRIVATELY.

RUMSEY & RUMSEY
Broadstone, Dorset.

FOR SALE

BERKSHIRE. For Sale privately, or by Auction at an early date. In midst of beautiful country within 40 miles of London. Country Residence in old mellow brick, with quaint turrets, in lovely timbered grounds. Accommodation on two floors only. Hall and inner hall, 4 reception, 10 principal bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 servants' rooms. Walled garden, small lake, park, woodland, 6 cottages, ample stabling, garages and other buildings. In all 50 acres. Sole Agents: HASLAM & SON, Chartered Surveyors, Reading.

HANTS. Vacant Possession on. Between New Forest and sea. C. 20 Modern Residence in rural setting abutting common. All main services, including drainage. 3 bed, 2 reception, sun-room, usual offices. Crittall windows, garage, small garden. Perfect condition. Close half-hourly bus service. Price £2,950, including valuable fittings.—Box 31.

FOR SALE

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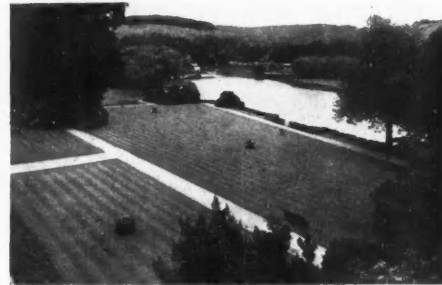
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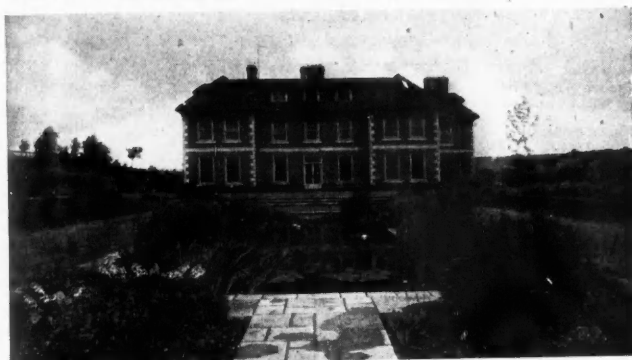
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Mr. Chase to Mr. Gardener



9, The Grange, Chertsey, Surrey.

DEAR MR. GARDENER, JULY.
If I were forced to do without cloches for one month in the year, this is the month I would choose. Even in the North the weather must indeed be unusual for there to be any risk of damage to the crops, and these can safely be left to go on growing in the open unprotected. July can, however, be a very wet month and in a few weeks' time the shallots and autumn-sown onions will have to be harvested.

Cloches for Ripening-off

Here is a use for your cloches. When the bulbs are mature, pull them out of the ground and lay them close together under cloches. The ends of the rows are, of course, left open for ventilating purposes but the cloches themselves should be touching to prevent any rain getting in. If you are using a small type you should avoid long rows or the temperature may become too high underneath. In this way you are sure to ripen off the onions thoroughly and they will keep far better.

Peas and Dwarf Beans

This is the last month in which peas and dwarf beans can safely be sown. An early dwarf variety of pea should be chosen and both seeds should be sown in the open. They will need to be covered later on as soon as there is any danger of night frosts, so make sure that you lay out your rows to conform with the cloches you are going to use. Since the crops will be harvested in cold weather they will, of course, have to be kept covered the whole time. It is, therefore, of no use to sow unless large enough cloches will be available. There are three types of the right size: Long Barn, Large Barn and Tomato 'T'.

The Blanching of Endive

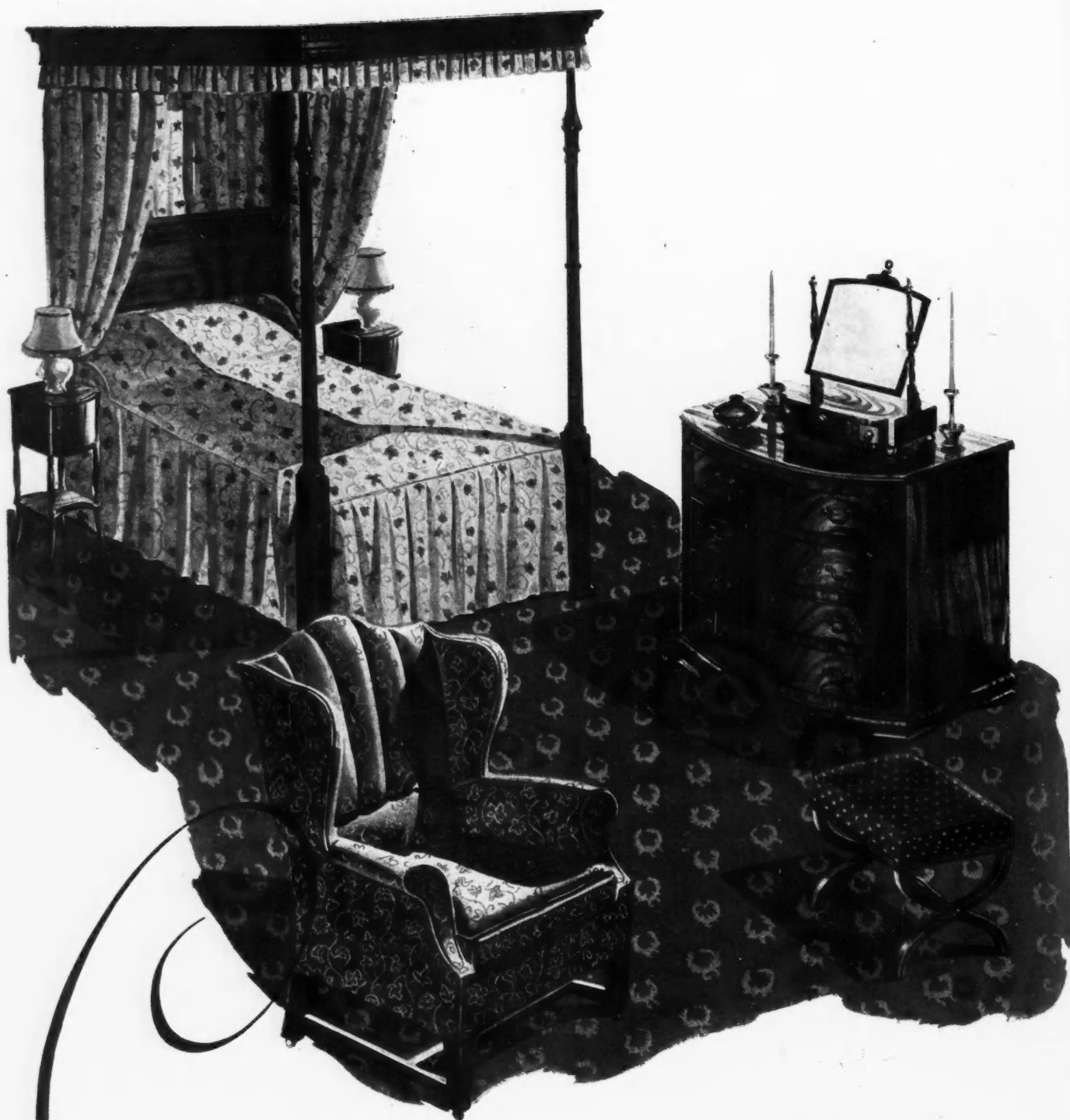
Some people, myself among them, find endive a pleasant change; and it is well to remember that the blanching can be done very successfully under cloches. I always make my first sowing this month, covering with cloches in a couple of months' time. Spray or limewash the outside of the glass thickly and make sure that the ends of the rows are closed with pieces of glass similarly treated to exclude all the light.

A Few Tips on Sweet Corn

The early varieties of Sweet Corn should be turning in now. I am often asked how to tell when the cobs are ripe. It is a very difficult thing to explain. A guide, however, is the appearance of the "silks," which wither and turn black as the cob ripens. One or two cobs should be tested by opening the sheath and pressing the thumbnail into an individual seed. The contents are watery when unripe, milky when ready for the table and doughy when over-ripe.

Many people grow good corn and then ruin it by faulty cooking. The correct way is to boil for ten minutes—no longer.

J.H.H. Chase



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COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVI. No. 2477

JULY 7, 1944



Harlip

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH HER CHILDREN

Little Prince Michael celebrated his second birthday this week

COUNTRY LIFE

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LAND USE AND THE BILL

THE compromise on land use agreed in the Cabinet and embodied in Mr. W. S. Morrison's Bill has already met with plenty of disagreement outside it. In the main, it is a workable measure and has the virtue of not imposing on localities the degree of centralisation advocated by some planners. But in several important respects the financial provisions of the Bill are open to more than criticism in detail, especially so far as the part played by the Exchequer is concerned. The Bill proposes that the Treasury should assist local authorities by grants to meet loan charges until the reconstructed and redeveloped areas of extensive war damage are producing revenues which will cover the loan charges and extinguish the debt. It is very widely held, however, that the central Government should go much further and that war damage done to our cities and towns should be a national and not merely a local responsibility. As for the 1939 "ceiling," there is obvious political capital to be made out of the contention that the price level of March 31, 1939, will be, in fact, the minimum as well as the maximum price of land to be compulsorily acquired for public use. It must also be expected that the refusal of national assistance in the case of the "blighted" areas will be strongly resented by those who believe that the two tasks of re-building must be regarded as different aspects of a single problem.

On the other hand, the Bill gives local authorities, and particularly those whose plans are already far advanced, something solid to go upon. Speedy procedure is of great importance to them and they will welcome the extension of that procedure to the "overspill" areas where people and enterprises displaced by the more open redevelopment of cities will be rehoused. As for the White Paper, it must be read, of course, in the light of the statement that it has been presented in order to focus public attention on the difficult issues involved and in order to assure the Government that they would find adequate support for a solution on the lines proposed. With this end in view, the Uthwatt analysis of the compensation problem is commended; the solutions are rejected in favour of "a fresh and promising approach." Much could be said about the very sketchy nature of the plan or plans set forth—particularly insofar as they concern agricultural land on the fringes of urban areas—and of the much too complacent view that owners of land as a whole are likely to be scarcely affected at all by the physical reconstruction of the country. The tacit assumption that nobody is particularly interested in the purchase or sale of land apart from its use for

agriculture, and industrial or housing development, is not in accordance with facts. Nor is there any suggestion in the Paper as to how the inflationary element of "floating value" can be excluded from compensation payments otherwise than by making a global estimate such as the Uthwatt Committee recommended. The only positive decision in that respect is that "some period of time must elapse" before the right compensation can be fixed and that its assessment should be postponed for five years.

It will no doubt be said that this is the usual policy of putting off the evil day, and the proposal for another expert committee some five years hence lends colour to the view. It will be best, however, to take the White Paper frankly as the sketch of a plan much of which has still to be filled in and some features of which invite modification or dilution. Apart from the latter it must be judged by its main provision that in future private owners should be allowed to exercise development rights only by permission of the State and only by giving up 80 per cent. of the extra value realised by such development—less any part of such value as can be shown to have existed in 1939. It has one obvious advantage over the Uthwatt plan, that it treats both urban and rural land on the same footing. The proposal to transfer the payment of compensation and collection of betterment to a national Land Commission—about which a good deal more information will be wanted—will relieve local authorities of their present need to permit as much development as they prohibit in their areas, a compulsion which cannot but destroy good planning. Finally, the "Reserve power of Public Acquisition" proposed by the White Paper would be most useful in making preliminary planning effective as distinct from the powers of compulsory purchase which already exist or are provided for in the Government's Bill.

SUMMER IN ENGLAND

SUMMER in England, and a straight bat thudding
On leather ball, white figures running there,
A lazy breeze and little wool-clouds scudding,
Caps tilted forward in the golden glare.
Summer in England, and the river flowing
By banks where willows and the ripples meet,
Quiet back-waters for young lovers' going,
Bright-cushioned punts beside the meadowsweet.
Summer in England, and the hot sweet smelling
Of bean-fields; picnics in the rough brown hay:
Gorse-yellow Downs to the clear sky swelling,
Crushed thyme a carpet for the wanderer's way.
You who no more will see bright days unfolding
Their sun-lit loveliness of sound and scent,
You who have guarded for your sons' beholding
Summer in England—sleep, and be content.

B. R. GIBBS.

STUFFED BEAUTY

MR. GOODHART-RENDEL lately applied the epithet "stuffed" to certain beautiful places which appear almost too carefully preserved. No doubt he coined a good phrase and gave a valuable warning to those who are so anxious to prevent any change for the worse that they do not think of possible changes for the better. Yet his words are likely to be dangerously misused. He instanced Broadway as seeming "absolutely airless under its glass case," and, charming as it is, it wears undeniably a look something too *soigné*, as if it had just been made tidy against some grand occasion. But despite this fault Broadway might be used as an argument in favour of "stuffing," since its lovely winding grey street is in such vivid contrast to the ugly little red suburbs which have grown up on the road to Evesham. There are plenty of Cotswold villages, as there are villages in all parts of England, which have escaped both dangers and appear quite unself-conscious in their beauty, but this happy state cannot always be exactly attained. Many people will think that if there must be a fault one way or the other, over-preservation is one on the right side. There are always at hand those eminently practical persons who rather dislike beauty than otherwise and they need no encouragement.

SUPPORT FOR PASTEURISATION

IMPRESSIVE support for advocates of milk-pasteurisation is to be found in the Report of the U.S. Public Service for February 11 last. In the light of present knowledge, it says, no raw milk can be guaranteed as safe. Those who drink it run the risk of contracting typhoid fever, scarlet fever, septic sore throat, food poisoning and gastro-enteritis, paratyphoid fever, undulant fever, dysentery and diphtheria. In the 10-year period 1932-41 no fewer than 408 milk-borne outbreaks of disease were reported in the United States, involving 16,305 cases and 213 deaths. The increase of undulant fever in the same period from 1,502 cases to 3,484 is directly traceable to lack of pasteurisation. The Report admits that the cost of installing pasteurising plants would impose a heavy burden on milk producers, especially in small communities, and recommends the federal insurance of loans to finance the projects. Meanwhile it advocates home pasteurisation where only raw milk is available. That is best done by heating milk to 165° Fahr., stirring constantly, then setting the vessel in cold water and continuing to stir until the milk is cooled.

WAR MEMORIAL VILLAGES

ON the outskirts of Lancaster there is a picturesque village of some 68 cottages with names like Loos, Marne, Somme, and Arras, lying on tree-lined avenues and set in the former grounds of a country house. Westfield, as it is called, was brought into being more particularly as a war memorial and thank-offering to the King's Own Royal Regiment, Lancaster, for the benefit of disabled men and their families. Indirectly it was an outcome of the late T. H. Mawson's book *An Imperial Obligation*, in which that pioneer town-planner advocated, as many people are again doing to-day, that war memorials should benefit the living, more particularly the disabled, rather than take the form of monuments to the dead. But apart from the village settlements of Enham and Papworth, the Haig Homes at Morden and other such centres, the successful and beneficent experiment at Lancaster is almost the only instance of practical effect being given to an idea that is being widely expressed again. In this case it was made possible by the late Mr. Herbert Storey's gift of his house, Westfield, which has been converted into the Village Centre. Once the site had thus been acquired, many cottages (for which the tenants pay small rents) were erected from individual bequests, and others subsequently by the Village Council from loans. The community has proved so happy a one that the Foundation (secretary, Major M. Connell) propose to extend the village as a memorial to this war. The success of Westfield encourages the hope that its example may be widely followed elsewhere.

PLACE NAMES COME BACK

SOME time ago our hearts were gladdened by the restoration of the sign-posts. In our own neighbourhood they were a familiar feature of the landscape which we had sorely missed. In a strange country they were invaluable friends, not only telling us our way but suggesting all manner of romantic possibilities in the unvisited places that lay off the road. Sometimes these places beckoned so persistently that we must need make a "circumbendibus" to see them. Now to the sign-posts have been added place names on trade signs, which may, broadly speaking, be restored if they cannot be seen and understood by low-flying aircraft. Here is a cheering portent of the fortune of war, but it will also be a real comfort to the traveller. If he is that now rare bird a traveller by road he will no longer have to stop in the middle of a town to ask where he is—if he is in a train some fleeting glance will tell him how he is getting on. The names of places always add to the attractions, to-day somewhat limited, of a train journey. The coachman of the *Muggleton Telegraph* told Mr. Pickwick, as they pulled up, the name of the town and the fact that it had been market day yesterday, information which he at once retailed to his fellow-passengers, so that they emerged from their coat collars and looked about them. That instinctive desire for information survives, and our country will grow less and less nameless and more and more interesting and like its old self.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THOUGH the continued drought, and other detrimental factors of a thoroughly unsatisfactory spring, have checked all growths in both the flower and vegetable gardens, so that there is little or nothing to admire or gloat over, they do not appear to have affected weeds to the same extent. The sorrel, groundsel and plantain may not have reached the same lush heights as in other years, but there is nothing wrong with their productivity, for both their flowers and seeds have revelled in the continued dry weather and arid winds. The only bright spot about this riot of unwanted growth, and bright is a particularly apt adjective to use, is the flocks of goldfinches which find the garden to-day far more attractive than it seemed to them when properly tended and in full growth.

Perhaps I regard the goldfinch from the view-point of fifty years ago when he was our rarest finch, the hawfinch alone excepted, and the sight of a pair of them at work on a thistle clump made any day a day to be remembered. To-day, although this bird is quite as common as the greenfinch and, in some parts, commoner, I still experience the same thrill on seeing these brightly-coloured, almost exotic, small birds performing acrobatic feats on a swaying plantain stem. Then there is their constant song in a very minor key, but quite the most tuneful of anything the finch family can achieve, which was incessant until recently when the demands of large families have left very little time for vocal amusement.

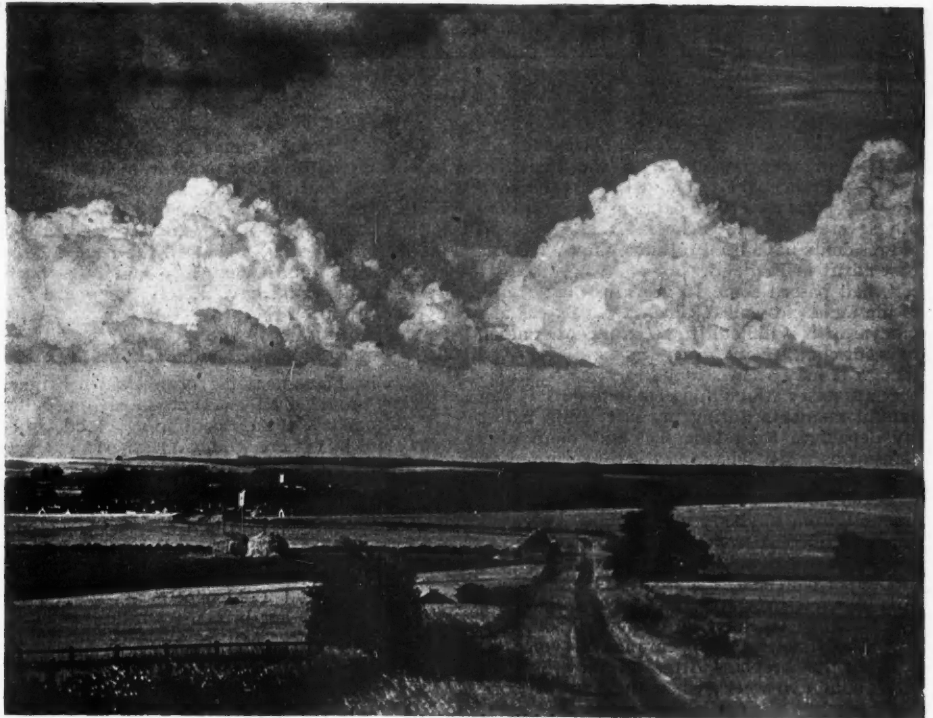
...

ALTHOUGH I refer to sorrel as an unwanted growth, and its long penetrating roots are a curse in a limeless garden, I have no objection to it in a water-meadow; provided of course that the water-meadow is not my responsibility. The actual flower is both insignificant and dull in the individual bloom, but in the mass when it grows plentifully on marshy ground it provides a sheen of misty colour that no carefully-tended border of cultivated flowers can hope to equal. At this time of the year, when one sits on the river bank after sunset, waiting for the dusk rise which happens so seldom, the rosy glow of sorrel shining in the faint light from the west and reflected in the water provides a touch of something that is typical of rural English scenery at its most peaceful and best; even though the farmer might regret it.

...

IN connection with the long-sustained drought which, at the time of writing, shows no signs of breaking, and which is now seriously affecting all crops in the south of England, it is surprising to hear from a friend in the extreme north of Scotland that conditions there are totally different. In the midst of a daily struggle with watering-cans, hoses and a rapidly-shrinking irrigation system, owing to the drying up of local springs, it is disconcerting to learn that I need not expect my customary brace of grouse and partridges this autumn as, owing to the exact opposite of our weather, there are no young birds in the north.

"The 48 hours' rain we had last week has killed every young grouse, partridge and pheasant in this county. There were more than I have ever seen, and to-day nothing but pairs of old birds without chicks."



C. F. Leaf

FROM THE GOGMAGOG HILLS, CAMBRIDGESHIRE

THE present high and almost fantastic prices which are being paid for quite ordinary little four-bedroomed, two-sitting-roomed country houses, with a minimum of land, may be most satisfying to the sellers and the local estate agents, but they will produce a number of difficult problems in the near future. If a house, the rental of which in the past was in the neighbourhood of £75 a year, is sold for £3,000—a quite common occurrence in this part of the world—it is obvious that the buyer cannot possibly afford to let it at much less than £150, and, if shortage of accommodation after the war forces a tenant to rent a house at this figure, it will lead inevitably to a general increase in the rents of all properties in the neighbourhood.

A local house agent tells me that in pre-war days with this class of small property it was always most difficult to obtain a rental of much more than £100, the argument of the would-be tenant being that 15 years' rent would buy the house outright, or one similar to it. Like everyone else he is unable to look into the future and foretell if the existing values of small properties will be maintained after the war; if they will increase when the men of the various Services come home to start civil life again; or whether there will be a slump. As things are, almost everything points to the fact that, as after the last war, the purchasing value of the pound is going to decrease considerably, and if such a fundamental factor as house rent is to be doubled it suggests that the future value of the £1 will be 10s. and no more.

As an instance of the extraordinary prices that are being paid to-day one might quote that of a small thatched four-roomed cottage, standing on less than one-eighth of an acre, which I suppose is just entitled to the house agent's caption of "old world" as it is in a bad state of repair and needs re-thatching, and also to "sylvan setting" as it has none of the essential services such as water or light. The pre-war rental of this was 5s. a week and its value was assessed at £250, but it was sold recently for £1,000, which suggests that its future rental must be quadrupled.

...

IHAVE received a letter from a recognised authority on the *salmo* species who is surprised at a remark of mine in a recent number, which conveyed the impression that a pink-fleshed trout is something of a rarity in a chalk stream, and that this coloration is more or less general in loch trout. In his opinion—and probably he has had a much

wider experience than I have had—the opposite is the rule, and mountain loch, or lough, trout are white-fleshed while, chalk-stream fish are usually pink.

I must confess that I have never fished the Test, Itchen or Kennet, and when chalk streams are mentioned the average man connects the term with one or other of these famous rivers. My river angling activities, spread over a number of years, have been confined to the two Dorset chalk streams, the Frome and the Piddle, the upper reaches of the Avon, with its tributary the Nadder, and the Wiley; and, though I have never kept a record, I should say that the average of pink-fleshed trout from any of these waters was in the neighbourhood of 10 per cent., and no higher. Major Radclyffe, who owns one of the best stretches of the Piddle agrees with me, and is of opinion that the pink-fleshed trout, in his waters, are to be found in certain spots where shrimps are plentiful, but I do not think any attempt has been made to prove that this rule holds good.

...

WITH regard to mountain lakes, I was referring more to those set in mountainous country than to those small tarns one finds in hollows some 1,500 ft. up among the heather and crags. I would, for instance, call Lough Melvin a mountain lough for, though its actual altitude is probably not much above sea level, mountains rise to considerable heights on two sides of it. It is my impression that the flesh of trout from the majority of such waters is of varying shades of pink, though of course few of them approach the deep, almost red, colour of Lough Corrib and Lough Mask fish. As to comparative delicacy of flavour, I do not think one can altogether trust one's palate, as so much depends on the quantity of trout one has been eating recently. I have, when staying in Irish fishing hotels for some length of time, become almost nauseated at the sight of a perfectly-conditioned pink fish on my plate at breakfast, and on the other hand have worked myself up to a pitch of enthusiasm over a quite ordinary little Welsh trout in March, solely because it happened to be the first fish of the season. I believe that, despite search, no actual record has been discovered of that much-discussed clause in apprentices' indentures of Elizabethan days stipulating that salmon should not be served more than once a week, but can understand that such an article was necessary, as most members of small families who have endeavoured to eat a 12-lb. salmon in the home circle will agree.

SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH BEES

By C. N. BUZZARD

TO those of us who had settled for life in country houses in the South of France, the war and the French temporary collapse came as an exceptionally severe and sudden shock. Nearly all of us old residents have been ruthlessly uprooted and cast adrift in England. For one who, like myself, had passed some 15 years in the autumn of life amid old walled villages, olive trees and vineyards, it is difficult to accommodate oneself to other climates and other surroundings. And though it may seem strange to some to whom bees are nasty stinging insects, one of the most painful moments during my last hours before my departure from Mougins, and there were many, was when I bade farewell to my apiary among our olive trees.

Somehow, just as one's own dog is quite different from anybody else's dogs, one's own bees are different from other people's, and the delicious music of a "honey flow" seems to have a more personal *motif* when played by one's own little brown friends.

Not that I believe, of course, as some do, that a bee knows the appearance, or voice, or smell of its keeper. After all they live for only about five weeks when they are at work in the summer, except in the case of the queen, and she is far too busily occupied—poor thing!—in her unenviable and ceaseless task of laying eggs to have time even to make nodding acquaintances. Nevertheless, one's own bees are precious, if only on account of that miserable human quality, love of possession, or perhaps of that more estimable attribute, sympathy with those that serve one.

About ten years earlier I had been introduced into the mysteries of bee lore by that international grandfather of beekeeping, Père Baldens, as the French call him, or, as we know him, Professor P. Baldensperger. If he be still alive he is about 86 years of age, and when I last saw him in 1942 he was still active and still editing the *Apicultural Bulletin of the Alpes Maritimes*. Although an Alsatian by birth he had been brought up in Palestine, where he used to travel about with beehives on camels. He later became one of the greatest experts on the Continent, where he was well known, as he was in England, at international meetings.

Perhaps my first experiment with bees was made with Professor Baldensperger; indeed, it was really his experiment, not mine. One day when he was inspecting my hives, I called his attention to an ill-disciplined queen bee, who, having ignored the existence of the large

trapezoidal brood frames in the body of the hive, had climbed into a super framed to receive honey, and had filled some six or seven frames there with brood. The question was, how to induce the queen to return and lay eggs on the proper brood frames. Had all the frames been of the same dimensions, it would have been easy, as one would have merely exchanged the upper with the lower. We could not do this, as the super frames were rectangular, and the body frames trapezoidal and much, much larger.

"Give me some string," said Baldensperger. Having provided it, I accompanied him, with all the shallow frames containing brood, to a spot close by, where we sat down. We cut out all the wax foundations with brood from the super frames, and, making pieces of various shapes, such as one finds in a jig-saw puzzle, we fitted these into the trapezoidal frames, fastening the pieces to one another and to the frames with bits of string.

"Now," said Baldensperger, "the queen will go down to her brood, and all is well."

About a fortnight later, passing before the hives, I noticed pieces of string at the entrance to the hive on which we had operated. I opened the hive, and found no string on the frames, and the sheets of foundation with brood were as perfect as if the queen had laid normally!

I was then writing articles on bees in the *Apicultural Journal of the Alpes Maritimes*, and, describing this experiment, I raised the question of whether bees showed reasoning powers as differentiating from instinct. I compared what had happened to an analogous incident in an imaginary skyscraper hospital containing thousands of patients and newly-born infants. The hospital, we may imagine, has been cracked from top to bottom by earthquake, and the architects have contrived to put huge cables in position to join the various broken portions of the masonry. The hospital, of course, instead of standing on its foundations, is hanging from huge beams. The architects have now to join with cement all the cracks and fissures in the masonry, and remove the cables. Naturally no piece of cable must be removed until the strains are taken by the repaired masonry. Imagine the difficulties! Yet the bees did this superb feat without dropping a piece of the structure, and ejected all the fastenings at the hive entrance. Moreover, the newly-born babies and young children were not disturbed or evacuated! Had they removed a piece of string prematurely, the whole fabric would have

crashed—and this work was carried out on three or four frames.

Now the bees had never seen string before, and had certainly never had to carry out a similar operation; nor had their mothers or grandmothers. Surely mere instinct would have impelled them to remove the string as extraneous matter, and to throw it out of the hive? But had they done this without precautions, as I have said, disaster would have followed. Lubbock and Fabre have both pointed out that the actions of individual bees appear to be entirely guided by instinct, and that in many cases, where faced with new conditions, they do not show much intelligence. But bees in quantity, a hive of bees, seem to be governed by what I have called the spirit of the hive, which appears to be a power invested with considerable intelligence. It is the same spirit or power which organises a swarm, which must consist of suitable proportions of various categories of bees without unduly disturbing the organisation of the parent hive. This mysterious authority sends out scouts to find a new home for a swarm, and the swarm awaits the return of a scout with reports of a suitable dwelling. The authority may cancel its order for the issue of a swarm in case of bad weather. The authority may decide that a queen is old for laying brood and depose her, and have her slain and a new queen reared—and, in the case of our experiment, this spirit or authority took all the necessary architectural precautions to avoid a serious disaster. Surely this mysterious spirit or authority uses intelligence! Is this authority an accumulation of bee thought?

It was while convalescing in Sunnybank Hospital in Cannes in 1936 that it occurred to me to make certain investigations into the rules which guide bees on their visits to flowers. Lying in my bed, I had nothing to look at but a window-box in which I watched bees visiting some plants in blossom. I began to wonder if the same bee was returning to a little group of flowers again and again, or was it a different bee? There seemed to be a short period of absence and then a bee appeared again and performed a little round. When I left hospital, I decided to make experiments with marked bees.

Along the edge of our swimming pool, there grew four cotoneasters—of the low spider-like variety, *Cotoneaster horizontalis*. The branches were from three to four feet in length, and the plants were close enough one to another to overlap in places. There are few plants more sought after by bees than the cotoneaster, with its thousands of tiny red berry-like flowers, and it is not uncommon to find hundreds of bees on a single plant.

Taking a very fine paint brush, dipped in red oil paint, mixed with a little mastic varnish, I proceeded to touch the thorax of one bee after another on the left-hand cotoneaster, which I called No. 1. In doing this, I waited till a bee settled, then lightly touched its back, leaving a slight "blob" of red paint. Occasionally, but not often, I spoiled a bee's wings. I continued until I had marked about 20 bees on this plant.

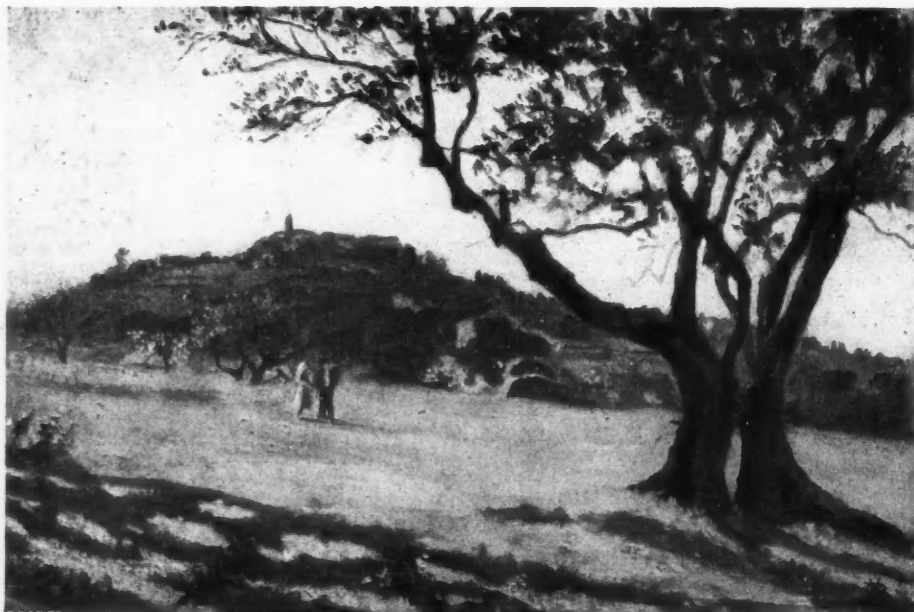
I then repeated the operation on the next plant, No. 2, but with green paint, and similarly I used yellow and blue on the bees on No. 3 and No. 4 respectively.

During the next six or seven days, whenever I passed along the edge of the swimming pool, which I did five or six times a day, I noted in a book the numbers of coloured bees I found on each plant. I was somewhat astonished to find my records read much as follows:

| | 9 a.m. | 11 a.m. |
|---------------------------|---------------|---------------|
| No. 1. "Red" plant ... | 4 red bees | 5 red bees |
| No. 2. "Green" plant ... | 7 green bees | 2 green bees |
| No. 3. "Yellow" plant ... | 3 yellow bees | 6 yellow bees |
| No. 4. "Blue" plant ... | 5 blue bees | 4 blue bees |

And so on. During the whole of my experiments I never found a coloured bee to have changed plants. The only confusion took place when one branch of a plant crossed that of another.

I next repeated the experiment in a glade



RIVIERA LANDSCAPE. View from the grounds of the Manoir de l'Etang, where Colonel Buzzard lived for many years before the war. From a painting by himself

in our forest, where I was painting a landscape. This glade was about half a mile from my hives, and the plant I selected was the rock rose. Now, whereas on the cotoneaster there were hundreds of flowers to the square foot, in the case of the rock rose, there were only half a dozen blossoms to the square yard.

During this second experiment, while touching a bee with the brush, I clumsily made a one-sided and easily distinguishable mark on it, and for the ensuing five or six days, while painting my landscape, I was able to watch this particular bee. On one wet day she did not arrive, but she reappeared next morning. Her radius of action was only a few yards, to visit about a score of flowers. Her absences at the hive were much shorter than I should have expected. No doubt she came out at about 10 miles an hour, and returned heavily laden about 6, but I learned that the time to discharge her nectar in the hive amounted to only a few minutes. Later on, I tried the experiment on other nectar-giving flowers in the glade, but the results never differed. I then went elsewhere to a field of Bokhara clover, with the same result.

Having published the results of my experiments in the *Alpes Maritimes* apicultural paper, I was not surprised to find an expert asking slyly: "If bees return again and again to the same flowers, how about pollenisation?" In answer to this query, I may say that I noted that a certain number of my marked bees on the cotoneaster were carrying a brilliantly coloured pollen from some other plant; others carried no pollen.

I had hoped to carry out experiments with bees in search of pollen later, but did not have the opportunity. But for some time I watched bees visiting a row of Shirley poppies in search of pollen. This pollen-gathering I noticed took place in the mornings, when for a few hours there seemed to be a rush on the flowers but by the afternoons the bees had gone elsewhere, perhaps for nectar. When I examined the plants, it seemed to me that they were almost "cleaned out" of pollen after a few hours, and it seemed that until the following day the bees did not consider it worth while to continue their visits. Hence, I do not think that the rule regarding the limitation of areas for nectar applies to the pursuit of pollen. Moreover bees, even by visiting a number of flowers in a small area, will effect the pollenisation of these plants.

Dr. Minderhoud, of Holland, to whose observations my attention has been drawn since I made my experiments, appears to have come to the same conclusion in experiments carried out before mine, and he considered that bees return to the same area, a few yards square. Observations during my first experiment with the cotoneaster showed me that in the case of this plant, with its numerous blossoms, a single marked bee would even confine its attentions to only one portion of a plant.

Having regard to the average length of a bee's working life in the summer, about five weeks, it seems certain that many bees visit only the same few flowers during their lifetime. Our old poetical ideas of bees wandering from flower to flower over a large area were unfounded.

Since my arrival in England, I have been in correspondence with the Director of the Rothamsted Experimental Station, and I have been informed that experiments they have been making lately appear to confirm the results of the experiments made by Dr. Minderhoud and myself.

It was von Frisch, a Bavarian investigator, who, years ago, discovered that bees scouting for nectar return to their hives with some of this found on a particular plant, say borage, and perform a kind of dance among the other inmates of the hives. Immediately other bees throng round her and soon leave the hive in every direction, solely in search of borage, and they will not be beguiled into visiting other plants *en route*. Von Frisch found that bees finding pollen also reported the fact in the same way, but that the dance performed after the discovery of nectar was as different from that signalling pollen, as is the tango from the "cake walk."

Anyone who has patience and a steady hand can repeat my experiments.

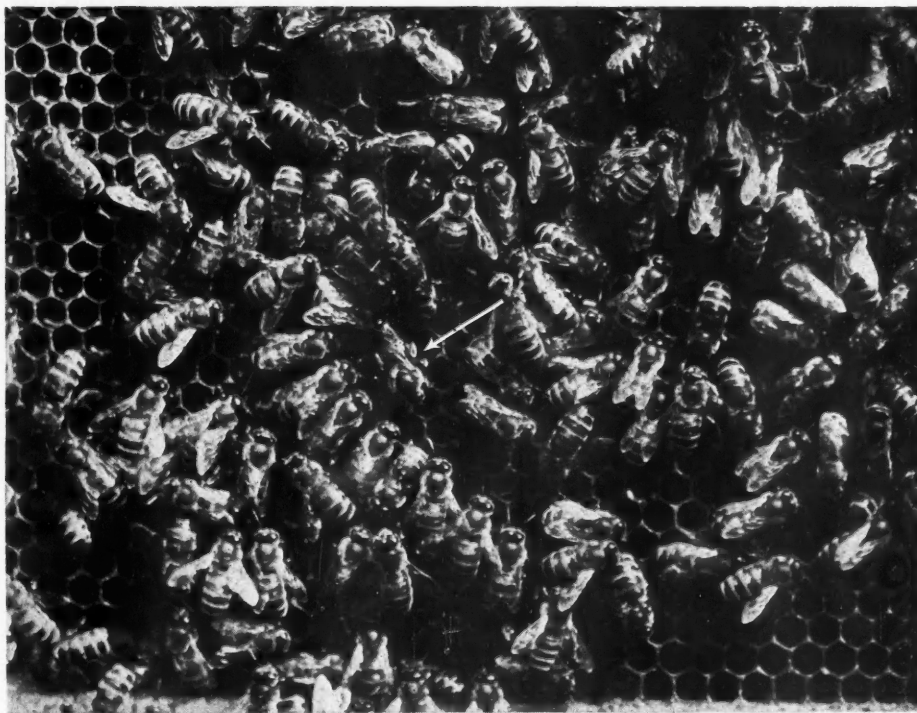
One may well ask when a bee has taken up a stance, so to speak, on a little area of blossom, what do other bees do about it. They will not fight when away from their hives. During careful watching, I have noticed two bees apparently making for the same flower. One of them emitted a kind of impatient buzz, and the other made off at once.

According to information received during the last six months from Rothamsted Experimental Station, if we destroy plants on which bees are working, they will hunt in ever-increasing circles for similar flowers in the vicinity.

I think that after four experiments carried out on different species of flowers at varying distances from the hives, all giving the same result, these limitations of bees' grazing areas may be accepted as proved. There is one practical result of this experiment, which is that we can assess the approximate value of a feeding-ground to a number of hives. During the honey flow, I estimated that the average number of bees per square yard working on white

but their communistic system appears to be the final stage in the evolutions of the Socialistic system, if indeed it be final. Perhaps it is the system to which we human beings will gradually trend. We have the female worker, and we are showing a tendency to kill off or abolish our drones, but the queen bee's unenviable job of perpetual child-bearing hardly comes into the vision perhaps even of the most advanced totalitarian or communist—but who knows? The bees were on the earth some millions of years before us and have had time for much evolution.

One of the worst traits of bee character was revealed when one day I made an experiment after having a swarm. On the parent hive, from which the swarm had issued, was a super, in which, while it held no honey, a few hundred young bees were busy cleaning the frames and wax foundation. This cleaning up is one of the jobs of young bees before they are sent out to forage. Now it occurred to me that, as my swarm was a large one and the old hive would be too weak to give me honey that year, I might



Photograph: T. R. Tait

A QUEEN BEE (indicated by arrow) IN THE ACT OF LAYING
She is resting on her short strong forelegs, and her long body is out of sight, depositing the egg in the cell. Her attendants stand back in an admiring group, stroking her with their antennae and apparently giving her every encouragement

clover was three; in the case of Bokhara clover, nine. Assuming the number of foraging bees in a good hive to be some 30,000, these would cover some 10,000 sq. yds. of white clover, about 3,000 yds. of Bokhara, and one must not expect fields to support unlimited numbers of hives. I found, indeed, for the limited amount of nectar-giving plants in my area at Mougins that I did not obtain much more honey with 20 hives than with 10—the "bee capacity" of my property was probably about 10 hives. That they had to go far for nectar occasionally was shown by the fact that during a very dry season the bees were visiting the only field of lavender in the vicinity, some three miles from the hives, and I was fortunate to discover the return "bee line" from this field. Bees visiting a distant field will often proceed there or back by a certain "line" only a few yards in width. On this occasion, they probably flew unperceived over the large olive groves to the field, but returning, I found them flying low along a line over fields bordering on the olive groves. With the weight of nectar they were carrying, it was apparently difficult for them to make sufficient height on their return to clear the trees, so they made a *détour*.

The more one examines bee life, the more one is astonished at their powers of organisation and their ruthless and methodical rules. Heartless and cruel they may be in many ways,

transfer the super from the parent hive to the swarm hive. This I did, young bees and all, and I was astonished to find that the swarm bees immediately killed off the young cleaners—that is to say their sisters with whom they had been living an hour before! Such a useless carnage! But, as they would doubtless have said, it was the principle of the thing!

The curious thing is that bees will admit into their hives a strange bee loaded with honey. In fact, it is not uncommon for heavily laden bees, in a strong wind, to enter the leeward hive, apparently carried off their course by drift, and it has been noticed, even, that, other things being equal, the leeward hive in a long row of hives has a tendency to be better populated than the others. This occurs especially where there is a strong prevailing wind, that is to say, such as the mistral in the south of France.

Every beekeeper has his or her experience of stinging. Normally when bees are working well, they are extremely docile, of course, but one may have somewhat startling experiences. Undoubtedly it is often the sense of smell in a bee that causes an outbreak of bad temper. In the South of France during the summer, the heat is nearly tropical, and there is nothing a bee dislikes as much as perspiring humanity, except a perspiring horse. I have seen horses attacked when returning from their work in a super-heated condition, and passing

close to hives. Personally I found in the summer one should visit bees with nothing on but a thin vest and shorts, shoes and a veil (if you need one). When the supers are heavy with honey, one is apt to perspire in shifting them, and this is obnoxious to bees. I remember that Baldensperger told me how once in Palestine his Arab assistant was stung by the bees.

"Ah, Mohammed Ali," Baldensperger said to him, "you did not say your prayers this morning." The somewhat startled Arab looked up—caught out. The morning prayers of a Mohammedan include washing as part of the rite, and Baldensperger had guessed rightly.

One of the worst stings I experienced was when I allowed a novice, a well-intentioned lady, to help me with the hives. I had to attend to something in the hives, and I removed two supers, while she held the smoker; there was no cause for apprehending trouble. Presently she told me that she had been stung, and to my astonishment I found that the bees, instead of angrily buzzing round her veil as is usual when irritated, were stinging her everywhere they could get at her. I took the smoker and led her away smoking her furiously, but I had to go some way with her before the lady was free from her assailants. By the time I got back to the hive, which was all in pieces, as it were, with some frames and the supers removed, the bees were thoroughly aroused, and, putting the smoker down, I had to put everything together. The result was over 30 stings.

The incident worried me owing to the absence of any obvious cause. But I found it—the good lady had had a bicycle accident, and her injured knee was covered with some strong-smelling healing salve, undoubtedly the reason for the "alert." But I am bound to say that I am inclined to believe the theory that bees will sting a person frightened of them, merely because a frightened person exudes from his or her glands a hormone known as adrenaline, the smell of which is irritating to bees. This is the only way I can explain the fact that people who admit their fear of bees, when taken, protesting, near hives, so often get stung!

The effect of smell on animals, and possibly insects, is very curious. I remember travelling in parts of China, where that formidable-looking, but most docile animal, the water buffalo, unaccustomed to the smell of Europeans, became exceedingly restive when approached by white men. On one occasion, I was pursued downhill by one of these ponderous beasts, a mother who had recently calved, and it was only by sprinting uphill that I escaped her charge. But a small Chinese boy would drive or lead her away without difficulty. "White people," the Chinese told us, "smell like tigers." Perhaps I was frightened of water buffalo—I certainly was of that angry mother.

My friend H—, who had nearly 150 hives, had a most unfortunate experience when taking his bees to the mountains. He had obtained a

permit for the journey and petrol, and hired a lorry, which he filled up with a few dozen hives. The driver of the lorry, either nervous or incompetent, drove straight into a tree at the entrance to a tiny mountain village and the load of hives crashed on to the ground. Many hives fell open, and the air was full of hundreds of thousands of angry bees. My friend got out his only veil, which he had, of course, to give to the lorry driver, who was unused to bees. He then proceeded to gather up the remains, a most painful business, he assured me.

It may be comforting to relate, to those in fear of stings, that, after receiving about 20, I found one becomes somewhat numb to those that follow as though a sufficient dose of the poison acts as a narcotic. In France I read in the papers once or twice of deaths through bee stings. On one occasion a man was leading a horse, and on another a labourer was digging near hives. I have tried digging near hives with the heavy French hoe. What happens is that when you get within three or four yards of a hive, a sentry emerges, and buzzes angrily round you. If you do not heed the warning, more drastic steps are taken, but I think if a man died from such an attack, he must have had a peculiar constitution. Of course, the real trouble with bees is that once one or two bees have stung you, the smell of the bee poison is enough to impel all the other bees to sting likewise, and there may be fifty or sixty thousand bees in a hive.

AN ADDER AND HIS SKIN

By E. L. GRANT WATSON

THIS April I had opportunity of watching an adder so closely that we almost made friends. To an open space among sprouting bugle and violets, he came every bright day to soak himself in sunlight. He lay very still, but, during the first days of our acquaintance, moved off towards his hole under a tuft of foxglove if I came too near. On later occasions, when he seemed to have grown accustomed to me, he allowed me within a yard's distance, and did not seem to suffer any discomfort, as adders so often do, under human observation.

He lay passive in the sun-heat, coiled in rings, his head resting on his folds. As I looked wonderingly at him, day after day, questions seemed to arise, prompted by his very shape and being. These were thoughts, so it might seem, contained in the object of observation; and these, in their vividness, as though they were some part of the creative command that had fashioned him, made him appear as some concrete idea, become static, set in its own particular form—an incarnation of a thought.

What was that thought? Little could I tell, only guess vaguely. He was a creature of the sun, for see how he sought it, basked in its warmth and light, waited upon it, joined himself in communion with it. He was a creature of the earth also, for see how he slipped away into his hole, and how on dull days he stayed there, and how all night he doubtless lay coiled in the moist humus among rootlets, inhaling the odours of earth, which is itself pregnant with invisible manifestations.

This was as far as I could get: a creature of the sun, and a creature of the earth, and this was but a superficial reading of the enigma. On those early days in April, he had no activities beyond those that uncoiled him from his underground retreat and took him to his sunny patch, and those which, as the sun's warmth declined, took him back to his earthy refuge.

Regularly for seven or eight days, I watched him, and then, one morning, he was different: of brighter colour, of shinier texture, and, at a little distance, intimately intertwined among briars and stems, was his discarded skin. The sun had done the task which the snake, so mi- y, so patiently, had solicited. A rejuvenation had been accomplished; alert and suspicious, he was now more sensitive to my observation, and soon slipped away to his hole.

That was the last time I saw him. He came more to his sun-patch, having no further

need of the persistent rays. The time was for feeding, for the new skin was loose upon his body, allowing for a further growth to be accomplished during the year. Doubtless by this time next year it would be as tight upon him as this discarded skin had been, which I had some difficulty in untwisting from the briars and twigs that had held it fast, while he slid his body free. It was, of course, the perfect sheath. The thin, transparent, opalescent scales seemed hooked rather than fused one to the other. It was complete, only a small break at the back of the neck. Even the scales which are the fused eyelids were there, cast off with the rest.

This shedding of the outer skin every springtime is more of a miracle than it appears to the superficial glance, and W. H. Hudson, in his writings about the serpent, mentions how the skin which has been taken from a snake will continue, year after year, to give off layers of thin scales, thus evincing a kind of detached life of its own, which exists independently of the parent body. These attempts at skin-castings occur at the spring period, for many years after the death of the animal. My own observations have confirmed this statement, and I remember when, as a small boy, I was on a visit to Tasmania, one of my cousins killed a large black snake. The skin of this snake, being of exceptional size and fineness, was stretched on a board, inner side up, and was treated with pepper and salt, and later with arsenical soap. When quite dry, it was stitched to a green cloth and presented to my mother as a memento of her visit to Tasmania. It travelled with us to England, and for many years hung on the wall of our dining-room. I am not sure how long we kept it, but we had it for at least 10 years, and all that time it gave a seasonal affirmation of its vitality. Extremely thin scales were sloughed off in a kind of scurf from the permanent scale-plates beneath. These were a trouble to us, for they made the skin look shabby, and it was some time before we realised their significance. This seemingly dead portion of a snake, its detached skin, was, here in Sussex, years after the main body of the animal had rotted in Tasmania, and it was making signs of some deep-sunk life-memory. This extraordinary behaviour is, I believe, common to all snake-skins.

What sort of activity is this which is independent of the main body of the organism? What kind of life is it that persists in a mere portion? How can it survive the drying in the

sun, the treatment of pepper and salt, the arsenical soap? From where can it obtain nourishment and gain the impulse towards divesting itself of a series of sequent skins? Is this a mere chemo-physical reaction, and if so, to what? What equilibrium is here maintained between the forces of creation and destruction that are present in all other forms of life? None of these questions has, I believe, been answered, and so we are forced to remain in our ignorance in the presence of one of Nature's minor mysteries.

There is, however, another aspect to the hieroglyph of the serpent and its discarded skin. Goethe, who was a far more imaginative naturalist than most, realised, as few modern biologists realise, that all observation and interpretation of natural phenomena must be inevitably subjective. He has written: "There is an unknown orderly something in the object which corresponds to an unknown orderly something in the subject." And again: "Man knows himself only in so far as he knows the world; and he becomes acquainted with that only in himself, and with himself in it." And yet again: "Nature is infinite, but he who takes note of symbols will understand all things, although not altogether."

Certainly not altogether! But the taking note of things as symbols will help to understanding; and so: what kind of a symbol, we may ask, is the detached skin of a snake with its shadow existence of continuing life? If we follow Goethe's advice, we have but to look within ourselves to find a correspondence. We naturally, on occasions, slough our old skins, and, on occasions, are slain and flayed—and yet do those flayed portions of our life, although, through harsh misadventure they have become detached from us in both time and space, continue to live after a ghostly fashion, uselessly and sometimes even pathetically, casting a waste scurf of scales—an autonomous and useless activity? They are detached in reality from ourselves, and continue their shadow existence whether we be ourselves already dead or restored from our rough handling, and existing, as new conditions and circumstance ordain, in a quite different fashion.

The normal skin-change is a happier experience, and we, when the sun shines at the right season, like my almost-friendly-seeming little adder, then feel ourselves creatures of the earth, who, on such happy occasions, seek the beneficent influence of warmth and light.

FASHIONS IN FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

By

LADY URSULA STEWART

(Left) FERN, FRUIT AND FLOWERS
IN THE "HIGH EPERGNE" STYLE

(Right) DEEP PINK MAY, PARTIALLY
STRIPPED; A RUSTIC
ARRANGEMENT



WHEN looking at the flower pictures of Terence Loudon in the Academy the other day I was struck by the beautiful arrangement of the flowers. Such arrangements require great skill and I was reminded of how taste and fashion in flower decoration have changed with the years, of the graceful and voluptuous arrangement of fruit and flowers in some of the exquisite Dutch flower paintings, of the delicate colouring and beautiful grouping of Jan Van Huysum.

The Victorians, we know, were particularly flower-conscious. The young lady in Henry James's story *In the Cage* had a friend "who had invented a new career for women—that of being in and out of people's houses to look after the flowers." E. F. Benson in *As We Were* gives a description of a table decoration in the early '70s, an elaborate silver epergne: "... Upon the ornamental base of it reclined a camel with a turbaned Arab driver: he leaned against the trunk of a tall palm tree that soared upwards, straight and bare for a full 18 inches. At the top of this majestic stem there spread out all round the feathered fronds of its foliage, and resting on them (though in reality screwed into the top of the palm trunk) stood a bowl of cut glass filled with moist sand. In this was planted a bowl of roses and of honeysuckle which trailed over the silver leaves of the palm tree and completed the oasis for the Arab and his camel."

Miss Maling in her enchanting little book *Flowers and How to Arrange Them*, published in 1862, tells us that "Wistarias and laburnums even would be beautiful where a pretty simple group was all that was required." She suggests "the lovely wreaths of the Peruvian climbing lily ... sprigs of drooping orchids, of Summer climbers, even the great white bind-weed wreathed about the stem." She also tells us that in Italy floral pavements were used at church festivals and on great occasions. "They form a sort of floral pavement marking out distinctly the pattern on the ground and then filling it in with a perfect mass of many coloured petals."

The use of the plain white vase, vegetable groups, stripped branches and the many other ingenious ideas introduced by Constance Spry have revolutionised the art of modern flower decoration and now, during the summer months when flowers are once again in profusion, we can afford to give free rein to our imagination.

In early summer white chestnut, stripped of its leaves, will look when in full flower like some

rare wistaria. It is particularly good for a large room or hall, and I made a successful arrangement of it in a large square basket hand-made by an Italian prisoner, all the larger branches turning upwards as they grow. Chestnut in its third and last stage for decorative purposes about July—I have mentioned the buds in an earlier article—will also be very effective if three or four branches are stripped and put in a white china vase.

May also looks well in a basket—a bread-basket is excellent, and in the illustration deep pink may is partially stripped (to strip it entirely is a lengthy procedure) and makes a pleasing effect. Such early summer flowers as lilac, laburnum, and azalea are good in baskets, and so later are olearia, choisya ternata, Jerusalem sage, summer broom and some veronicas.

An ideal vase for a large group of mixed flowers is a tazza. This type of vase must be filled with very firmly fixed wire netting which can be kept in place by wedges of paper. This arrangement may be successfully made up of lupins (which should be left in water for some hours in order that they may twist before being used, otherwise they may turn in an unforeseen direction, spoiling the entire balance of an arrangement), deep red peony heads, mauve and pink rhododendron, stripped pink chestnut flower, sprays of deep pink weigela and



some sprigs of syringa. In a mixed vase flowers of the same colour should, as far as possible, be kept together, thus making splashes of colour rather than a patchy effect.

In the first illustration I have experimented in the "high epergne" style though the vase is of glass instead of silver; it is a trumpet-shaped glass placed on a green glass dish and filled with ferns, moss roses and sweet peas; fruit is heaped about the base with moss roses on virginia creeper leaves, and round the stem is twined a spray of polygonum. For this type of arrangement the gracefully growing Solomon's seal will do well in a large vase, and, in late summer, zinnias.

In the large illustration a group of mixed flowers is arranged in a stone urn in the 18th-century manner. Foxglove, delphinium and iris give it height, and the grey artichoke leaves blend well with the stone, filling up spaces and giving it width. The other flowers used are large orange poppies, pale blue Icelandic poppies (both kinds should be burnt at the end of the stems to seal them), two pale pink Princess Elizabeth peonies, an excellent variety for decoration, red and yellow geum, anchusa, and aquilegia in various shades, some geranium and rhododendron.

As a simple dinner-table arrangement I have used scarlet geranium and a large deep red peony head in a Georgian silver two-handled cup very successfully.

During July and August many tall flowers can be found, among them mallow, phlox and gladioli. Catmint is useful for lightening a heavy arrangement, the old-fashioned cabbage rose will give solidity, while dahlias are good in the heavier part of a group.

Of the many varieties of lily much can be said; regale will mix well with other flowers, candidum will make a startling effect with vivid blue and scarlet flowers. One or two auratum make an excellent base for a rather more exotic group and the lovely wine-red martagon will go beautifully in an arrangement of pinks, reds, mauve and purple.

Most flowers when drooping in hot weather or after a journey will revive if they are left to swim in a bath or basin of warm water.

No vase of mixed summer flowers seems complete without a few roses of one kind or another and their stalks should be split, smashed at the ends. There are so many ways of arranging roses alone, and the varieties excellent for decoration are so numerous that more space is needed to describe them than I have here.



STONE URN FILLED WITH MIXED FLOWERS IN THE
18TH-CENTURY MANNER

FROM MY WINDOW

THE circumstances that caused us to come to our present house in a bare Devon field, on a high exposed ridge, gardenless and windswept, have brought one great compensation. For the countryside is stretched out below us on a wide and far-reaching scale; and one can see the neighbouring bird life as though from the front row of the dress circle of Nature's own theatre.

Let me shortly describe the scene. To the south-east and round to the south one's eye travels down towards the sea, 15 miles and more away, over a series of steep wooded coombes, leading to a low area, beyond which are the cliffs along the coast.

Through a gap in the cliffs the sea can be seen under certain conditions of light, often sparkling in the sun; and at night I have watched the moon rise out of the far horizon through the gap itself.

More westerly are other ridges and valleys, rough fields dotted with boulders, scattered copses, and thick hedges, with the outlines of the Dartmoor tors beyond.

But it is the front of the stage that first demands attention, where a rough field slopes steeply away from the house down to an overgrown cart track, with more fields, a copse, and a marsh beyond. It was here that one of the neighbourhood's numerous crows came to perform his part.

He arrived soon after breakfast one morning, and alighted about 30 yds. from the house with a large greyish object in his beak. Then, having selected a small rabbit scrape, he proceeded to bury the object with great care and flew away.

On his departure my wife and I went to the spot and found the head of a half-grown, newly killed rabbit. It had been buried in the softer sand of the scrape, and grass from near by had been torn up and pulled over the surface.

As far as we could see no part of the head had been eaten by the crow, so we re-buried it in as nearly a similar fashion as possible and went indoors.

The next act took place at luncheon time, when from the dining-room windows we saw a crow descend in the field straight down beside the scrape, dig up the head, carry it to the branches of a neighbouring tree, and there make a meal off it.

Crows are reputed occasionally to bury unconsumed food more or less on the spot, but nowhere have I seen any account of their behaving in this fashion, after the manner of a dog with a bone, and hiding away their food for future use. Nor have any of the experts with whom I have discussed the matter been able to produce a similar case.

On another day, or rather over a series of days last year, a pair of kestrels gave a wonderful close-up display of their hunting. They may have been the pair that had nested high up on a near-by ridge and actually had young as early as February 20 that year, only this time, early July, it must have been a case of feeding their second brood.

The number of mice, voles and beetles that the two hawks obtained from more or less the same area of somewhat coarse tufty grass was extraordinary, and all were immediately carried off in the birds' talons in the direction of the nest.

It was interesting to watch the kestrels quartering the field close up to the house, pausing at intervals to hover some 30 ft. up, with wings and tail feathers quivering. Then, if a mouse or beetle was spotted, the hawk would drop vertically another 10 ft., pause once more, sometimes drop again, and finally up-end like a diver and "stoop" straight downwards on to the prey.

So quickly was the last act performed that it was very difficult to make sure of the exact sequence of events. As the bird started the "stoop," he three-quarters closed his wings and went down so straight and fast that he appeared to dive head first on to his victim. Actually the hawk must have swung down his feet and drawn his head up at the last possible moment, otherwise a broken neck would surely have resulted; and certainly, only a moment after the "stoop," the bird would be upright above his prey, which was held in his claws.

And yet I once saw a kestrel "stoop" at a bird on a creeper trailing above the glass roof of a veranda,



"THE BEST PART OF THE BUZZARDS' ACT IS THEIR AERIAL DISPLAY OF SOARING, GLIDING AND DIVING AMID THE AIR CURRENTS"

and break his neck in so doing. There was no doubt, in that case, that the hawk aimed to kill his prey by striking it with his beak; for he missed his mark, and struck his head against the glass just below the creeper. I picked him up from the path on to which he rolled off the veranda roof, having myself watched the whole performance.

Unfortunately the eye cannot follow what actually takes place at that last instant of the "stoop." Admirably placed as were my wife and I at the windows, we could never be sure.

Most books merely talk of the kestrel's seizing its prey and flying off with it in its claws—if they mention the subject at all. But does he kill with his claws, or does he, in some wonderful way, strike his prey with his beak, and so check himself at the same instant with his wings, which half open at impact, that he avoids harm, and somehow lands on his feet? After this display, and remembering the veranda, I feel doubtful.

Buzzards are constant performers, and one advantage of our house being on a ridge is that, instead of having always to gaze upwards at the underside of the great bird, we can often look down on him from above as he sweeps round the house or along the coombe. There is also a field studded with rocks, down at the foot of the slope, where the buzzards, especially the young, spend many hours sitting about and uttering their wailing, mewing cries: while in the marsh land near by they can hunt at their pleasure.

The best part of their act is of course the aerial display of soaring, gliding and diving amid the air currents above the coombes, especially on the windy days in which they delight. The great feature of the performance is its effortlessness. As the buzzard leaves his tree-top or rock he will give a few clumsy-looking slow wing flaps, which are far from impressive. (Actually they are far more effective than people think.) But once under way, and as soon as he can feel the influence of the air currents or wind on his outspread wing feathers and tail, he begins to glide. Then one sees gliding at its best as he soars upwards in widespread circles, mounting higher at each turn, with a very occasional wing-beat at critical moments.

There are a large number of these fine birds in this area, and I have lain in a deck-chair, in the garden of another house we once had close by, and counted up to nine or ten overhead on many an afternoon in late summer.

One very large dark bird, for their plumage varies considerably, haunts the neighbourhood



KESTREL ABOUT TO ALIGHT

Does he kill his prey with his claws or strike with his beak?

of our house, particularly at luncheon time; and we are frequently entertained by his performance, easily seen from where we sit and look down over the line of the coombes. I think he belongs to the pair which nested in a Scotch pine amid a clump of mixed trees on the same ridge on which the kestrel had its nest.

Ravens likewise appear on the stage, but remain high in the background as they pass from one favourite spot to another. Their deep-double call, far-carrying and resonant, is no rarity; and their personality is impressed over the area.

Their aerial evolutions, done with great power, can frequently be seen from our windows; while their contests with the buzzards produce wonderful exhibitions in the art of flying by both birds.

The barn-owl is yet another of the actors, though his appearance is uncertain. Winter and spring seem his most popular times to appear in broad daylight, usually in the afternoon; though I have seen him in the morning.

He usually makes his entrance on to the stage from the left wing, where is a small patch of woodland, and, having examined a favourite area of rough grass and scattered gorse bushes near his entry, he proceeds to quarter the field at a low altitude, seeking out the mice and voles in the grass tufts.

More than once he has come so close to the house windows, to which he seems to pay no attention, that I have found myself looking straight into his face at an incredibly close distance.

Should the windows be open as he circles round the house, the



GOLDFINCHES SAMPLE THE MANY VARIETIES OF GRASS AND WILD-FLOWER SEEDS



"FIELDFARES SEEK WORMS AND GRUBS AS A CHANGE FROM HOLLY BERRIES"

almost uncanny silence of his flight is very noticeable; while the sudden drop, with wings streamlined up above his back, on seeing his prey, is most interesting. There is no up-ending and dive as with the kestrel, but a definite quick drop downwards, with more or less horizontal body, and with extended claws.

Besides these larger performers there are hosts of minor, though no less delightful ones—some coming and going as the seasons change, others ever present in varying numbers.

Last summer, for example, two male redstarts used one of the rocks on the slope as a meeting-place away from the cares of their families: their nests being at about an equal distance of 300 yds. on either side of the house. There they gossiped at leisure and displayed their plumage in full sunlight for the benefit of the delighted audience.

Meadow-pipits continually frequent the area in summer, finding the rocks highly suitable as resting perches in between their song flights.

In autumn charms of goldfinches up to 50 strong, pass up and across the slope in short spasms, pausing to sample the many varieties of grass and wild-flower seeds on their way.

They collect from off the higher ground in the autumn, preparatory to seeking lower and warmer regions for the winter. As they pass across the slope the sun lights up the red patches on their heads and the gold of their wings, and they leave one cheered and happier for their passing.

Later on the field is favoured by mistle-thrushes, and occasional parties of fieldfares, which traverse the slope seeking worms and grubs as a change from feasting on holly and rowan berries.

A vast number of small birds haunt the field and its boundaries,



A COCK REDSTART AWAY FROM FAMILY CARES
A pair of males used one of the rocks as a meeting-place

such as great tits, blue tits, coal tits, marsh tits, chaffinches, robins, wrens and dunlocks.

Swallows and martins skim over the field's surface in summer. Starlings search it thoroughly in winter. The song of the blackbird and thrush surges forth from the hedgerows.

Generally speaking I think it is safe to say that the bird population has on the whole recovered from that disastrous winter of '39-'40.

Certainly in spring the chorus supplied from the hedges and coombes by the birds I have just mentioned, aided by willow-warblers, whitethroats, blackcaps, nuthatches and others, is of a very high order.

Add to this the calling of wood-pigeons, cawing of rooks, the buzzards' mews, the jays' alarm notes, and many other avian voices, all fitting into their appropriate places, and the result is far beyond the skill of any human theatrical producer.

Even the curlew's spring song, that wonderful ripple of bubbling, liquid joy, can occasionally be heard; and at one period of last summer a wood lark sang in the evenings. The latter's song is often mistaken by the uninstructed for that of a nightingale.

Thus does bird life ever crowd our stage. Representatives of the bare hillsides and moorlands, of the huge expanses of sky, of warm snug hedgerows and valleys, of coppice and woodland, both residents and visitors, all play their parts, and join together in producing Nature's own unsurpassable operetta.

JASPER.



1.—THE SOUTH FRONT OF CAPTAIN PARISH'S HOUSE, WITH THE HOUSE INHERITED BY HIS WIFE ADJOINING ON THE RIGHT

PARISH'S HOUSE, TIMSBURY, SOMERSET—I

THE HOME OF LADY MOUNT TEMPLE

An exquisite miniature of Regency design, built by Captain John Parish, R.N., about 1816, it is said with bounty money from the taking of the Spanish treasure ship Pomona

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

TIMSBURY, on the edge of a deep ravine looking across towards the Mendips, lies five miles south-west of Bath. So it was convenient for the society of the Spa when, at the end of the Napoleonic war, Captain Parish, R.N., retired to the property there known as Honeylands, which had been inherited by his wife. Standing on the edge of the village in some acres of ground and commanding a majestic view across the valley below, her home is still there, forming the servants' wing of the Captain's exceedingly elegant addition, and can be seen in Fig. 1 through the boughs of the cedar tree on the right.

The property and its situation were not, however, the only attractions. Two former

shipmates also decided to settle down close at hand. Captain Scobell built a house named Kingwell Court a mile to the west, and Captain Jarrett bought Camerton Court on the other side of the valley. The three captains are related to have dined with one another regularly once a week, and one would give something for a record of their encounters to have been preserved.

John Parish, 1778-1837, according to the tablet in Timsbury church, married Mary Crang, one of a large family whose grandfather had acquired property in the village by marrying a Miss Purnell. Most of the other Crang children seem to have died young, so that Mary, who lived till 1877, inherited Honeylands. The affectionate tablet that she erected in the church to her husband pays

tribute to the "zeal, intrepidity, and skill with which he combated the enemies of his country" and relates that "in the more retired walk of life he was equally distinguished for the active zeal, the honest integrity, the warm and generous liberality with which he engaged in everything connected with the temporal and spiritual welfare of those around him." In addition, his house provides testimony of his fastidious taste; and a drawing, in the Royal Maritime Museum, depicts his principal engagement (Fig. 8): the capture of Curaçoa by Sir Charles Brisbane in 1806-07, in which the part taken by Lieutenant Parish earned him promotion to Commander.

The tradition is that the house was built out of Parish's share of the bounty money from the taking of a Spanish treasure ship. But his wife was something of an heiress, and the following account of that action from James's *Naval History* implies that the profits from the taking of the *Pomona* cannot have been so very large.

In August 1806—the autumn before the seizure of Curaçoa—Captain Charles Brisbane in the 38-gun frigate *Arethusa*, with Captain Charles Lydiard in the *Anson* frigate of 44 guns, cruising off Havana, discovered the Spanish 34-gun frigate *Pomona*, out of Vera Cruz with spice and merchandise, making into Havana harbour against a scant wind and a strong current. The *Pomona*, failing to make the port and pressed by the frigates, came to anchor in 3½ fathoms under the guns of a castle. There she was presently reinforced by 10 gunboats from Havana, each mounting a long 24-pounder and with 60-70 men apiece, which formed in line ahead of the frigate. In spite of the hazards, the British frigates drew in alongside and in 35 minutes the *Pomona* struck her colours and all the gunboats had been blown up, sunk, or driven ashore. The castle also blew up, probably owing to the red-hot shot fired by the garrison igniting its magazine. British casualties were two killed and 30 wounded.

It turned out that the Governor of Havana and the Spanish admiral, who put



2.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT

A composition of curves and subtly defined planes



3.—THE PORCH, AN EXERCISE IN CONVEXITY

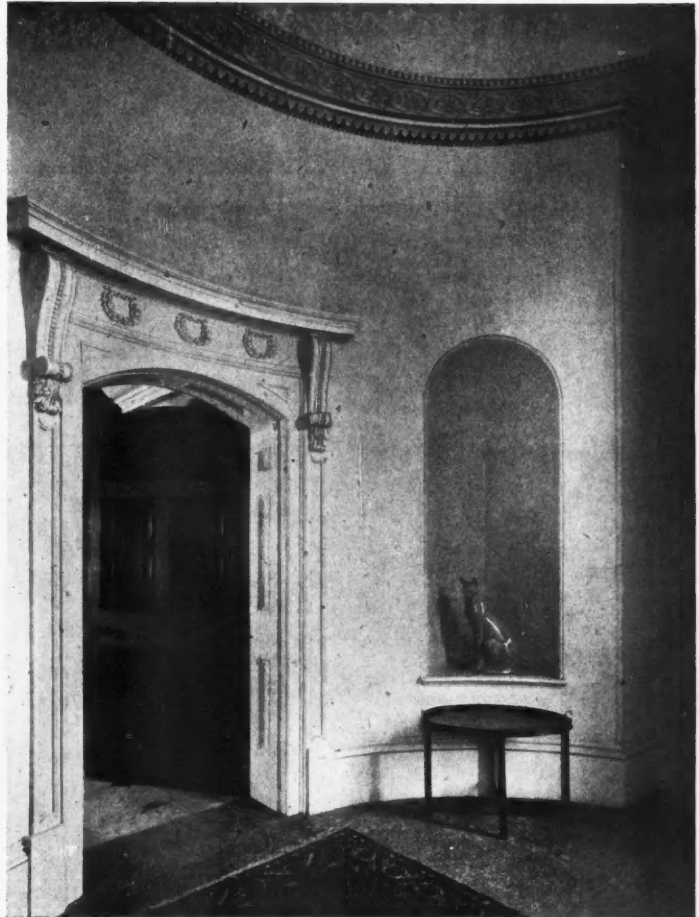


4.—THE SOUTH BOW. Its curves contrasting with the flat sides

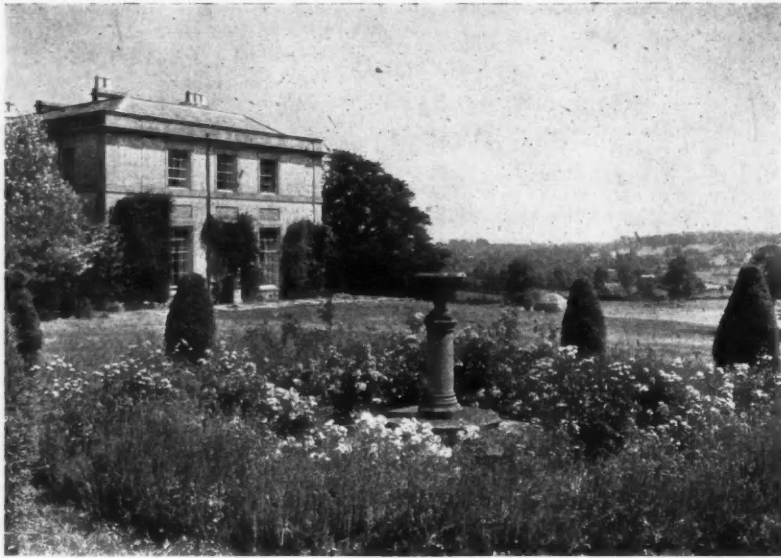


5.—THE FRONT DOOR, FROM THE PORCH-HALL

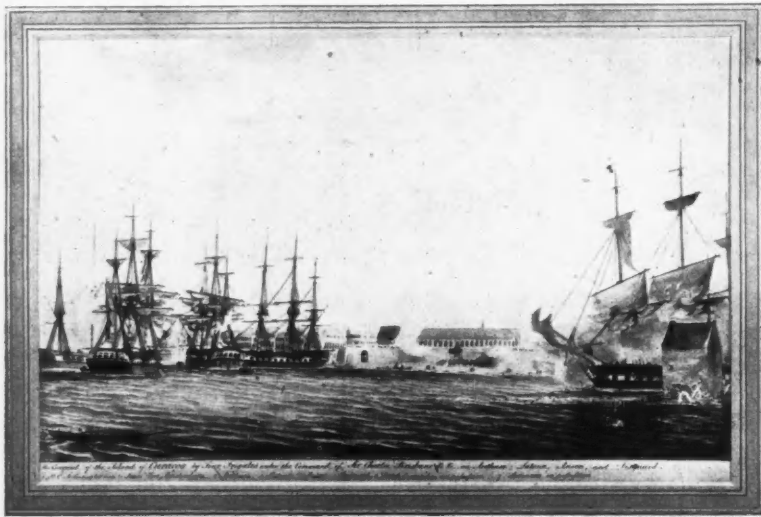
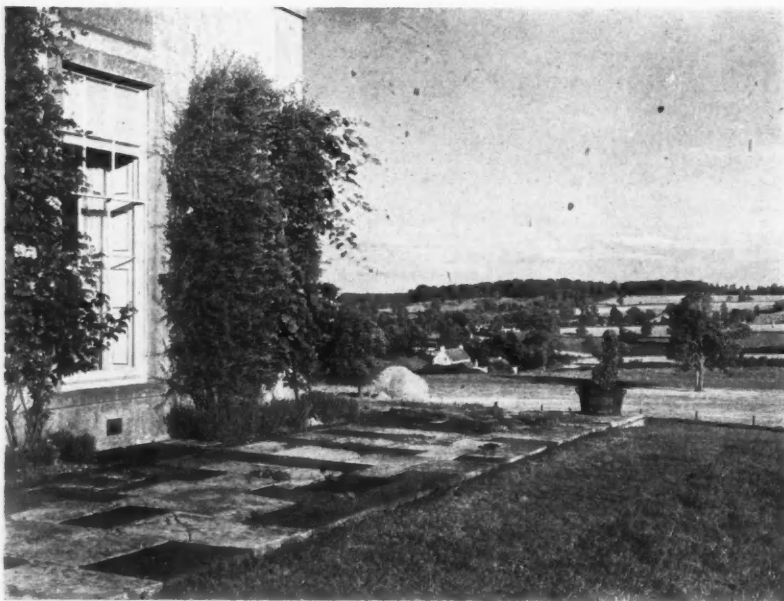
In the circular space curves and planes, verticals and horizontals, are beautifully resolved. Colouring: pale creamy terra-cotta walls, mouldings picked out in two darker shades, woodwork white



6.—INNER DOOR OF THE PORCH-HALL



7.—THE WEST SIDE, FROM THE ROSE GARDEN

8.—THE CAPTURE OF CURACOA BY SIR CHARLES BRISBANE, JANUARY 1, 1807. Parish was First Lieutenant of the frigate *Arethusa* under Captain Brisbane. From the original in the Royal Maritime Museum, Greenwich9.—THE PAVED WALK ROUND THE HOUSE
At the south-east corner

out to the *Pomona* as soon as she anchored, succeeded in getting the money she was carrying ashore, ten minutes before the action began. There was, however, a considerable quantity of plate and merchandise still aboard which fell to the share of the captors. The *Pomona*, under the name of *Cuba*, was afterwards added to the British Navy. The account concludes by adding that the First Lieutenants of *Arethusa* and *Anson*, John Parish and Thomas Ball Sullivan, both deserved the reward of promotion for their gallantry in this action, which they shortly afterwards obtained for the capture of Curaçoa.

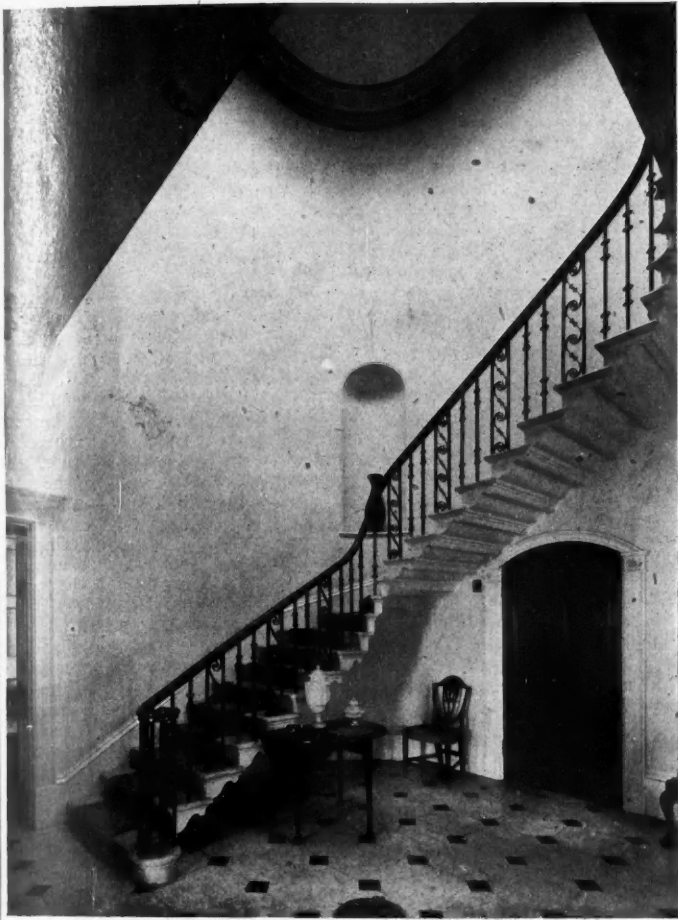
The same ships, with the *Latona* and *Fisguard*, were in November following despatched from Port Royal by Rear-Admiral Dacres with orders "to reconnoitre the island of Curaçoa and sound the minds of the inhabitants to ally themselves to Great Britain. . . . Having more taste, as well as more talent, for fighting than for diplomacy, Captain Brisbane naturally conceived that he could effect less by the latter mode than by the former." Arriving off the strongly fortified port about Christmas, he decided to sail into the harbour at dawn on New Year's Day, when the Dutch would be still recovering from the festivities of the previous night, under a flag of truce and to deliver a summons to surrender. This he did, with all four vessels, and landing parties in tow, himself sailing in so close that the *Arethusa's* jib-boom was over the wall of the town. The Dutch, who had opened fire, ignored a summons to cease fire, whereupon the frigates opened up on the shipping, and a landing party broke into the fort by forcing its water-gate. By noon the whole island had capitulated. For "this unparalleled morning's work," accomplished with only four frigates and at the cost of three seamen killed and 14 wounded, Captain Brisbane was knighted and his two lieutenants promoted Commander.

Not all of Nelson's sailors were sea-dogs. Their portraits by Hoppner and Romney, or delicately drawn and tinted by Edridge or Cosway, as often as not suggest men of refinement and sensibility besides the necessary toughness. John Parish is shown by his house to have been one of the latter sort. There is no record of who his architect was, but the probability is strong that he was a Bath man and the character of the design and details tend to confirm that he was Thomas Baldwin (1750-1820), city architect 1775-1800 and the designer of Lansdowne Crescent. There is in his work the same firm simplicity and impeccable scholarship as appear here, and two integral features are repeated in his Crescent: the shallow segmental bays (Figs. 3, 6), and the peculiar type of sliding shutters.

The three fronts of the square two-storeyed building, almost monolithic in their perfectly jointed ashlar and each a distinct design, are immensely distinguished in their reticence. The entrance front (Fig. 2) consists in a pattern of sensitively proportioned rectangles on subtly differentiated planes, that in the centre being carried across to the angles by a string-course and differing from that of the side walls by a smoother surface texture. The clear-cut, level cornice stresses this flat pattern. But in contrast to this the shallow arched window recesses develop the broad circular rhythm set up by the segmental porch. On the west side (Fig. 7) the windows, which are evenly spaced on the entrance front, are more closely set, and oblong panels over the lower ones enable them to set up, in this case, a vertical emphasis. The south front (Fig. 1) further develops the theme of contrasting curves and plane surfaces seen in the entrance front; the flat and rectilinear sides are clearly contrasted to the suave convex surface of the bow in the middle. The whole front, indeed all the elevations, have the elegant poise and delicate consistency of a Sheraton cabinet. The south bow (Fig. 4) was evidently designed to have the sliding shutters, the rails of which are integrated to the design. Without their texture, too, the bow would scarcely be differentiated sufficiently from the flanking plane surfaces, notwithstanding the pilaster-like break on each side of it. The panels on the convex surface, and the converging curves of the cornice and parapet, further and delightfully emphasise the rounded surface.

The porch, worked out in a Doric order suiting the simplicity of the exterior, is another exercise in

convexity, both without (Fig. 3) and within (Figs. 5 and 6). The whole doorway is on the curve, the scrolled brackets giving it a flourish. The detailing of the doors themselves (Fig. 5) is itself masterly. Inside, the porch-hall has flat ends that contain minor doors and are set back from the concave sides containing the main doorways. That to the staircase hall (Fig. 6) has a segmental head and scrolled brackets with projecting architrave that emphasise the horizontal curvature, but the others and the tall narrow windows are set in rectilinear Grecian frames stressing the vertical elements in the space. The windows are balanced on the inner wall by alcoves. The whole shows a great feeling for spatial design, in which curves and planes, verticals and horizontals, are beautifully resolved. The colouring, pale creamy terra-cotta walls, the cornice mouldings picked out in two darker shades, and broken-white frames,



10.—THE STAIRCASE HALL

(Right) 12.—DETAIL OF CORNICE MOULDINGS IN THE STAIRCASE HALL. In shades of terra cotta and white

is pleasingly apt and brings in the rich tones of the fine mahogany inner door.

The staircase hall, square with rounded corners (Fig. 10), has the same colouring, and is lit from a round skylight (Fig. 11). It has two pairs of opposite doorways; the hanging stone staircase ascends on two sides, and the landing projects on the two others. The curved corners give the staircase an interrupted rhythm not entirely satisfactory which, however, no attempt was made to disguise, and which the eye soon accepts as a pleasant because honest irregularity. The iron uprights and scrolls of its balustrade are wrought, with cast enrichments applied. The cornice mouldings (Fig. 12), to Grecian patterns probably derived from Stuart and Revett's *Athens*, are of unusual elegance, which their colouring brings out without over-emphasising. Not the least attractive aspect of the design is its refusal to be bound by conventional symmetry, for which it substitutes a kind of Hellenic picturesqueness.

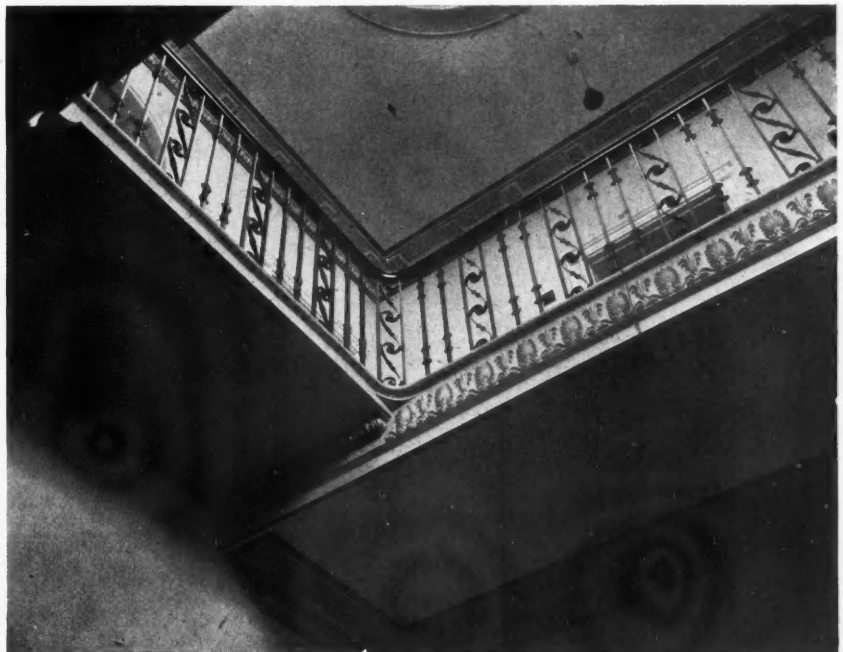
Heating is by the original hot-air system condensed in a cellar below the hall and regulated



11.—SKYLIGHT AND FIRST-FLOOR LANDING

by an adjustable brass vent in the floor. The furnace had been dismantled in favour of a modern central heating system which, however, failed to warm the house. Lady Mount Temple formed the opinion that the house had been planned for heating by the original method and found that the firm, Messrs. Musgrave of Belfast, who had supplied it in 1816 or so, was not only still functioning but could replace the missing parts from stock. The improvement is astonishing. The warmed air fills the whole central space and permeates the rooms which all open off it: an impressive early instance of functional planning.

(To be concluded.)



BUILDINGS FOR DAIRY FARMS

By H. D. WALSTON

IN my first article (June 30) all actual details of farm-building design were purposely avoided. I attempted simply to outline the basic requirements of a modern farm-building in order to save labour, increase efficiency, and improve conditions of work; at the same time I tried to show that a building designed with these ends in view could fit well into any variety of countryside.

I now propose to deal with the more practical details of design for dairy farms, remembering that even before the war dairying was one of the most important branches of agriculture, and after the war will increase in relative importance.

The three cardinal points to be borne in mind when designing a cowshed are:

- (a) Cleanliness of milk production.
- (b) The health of the cow.
- (c) Economy in labour.

Unfortunately these three requirements are sometimes antagonistic—for instance, it requires more labour to produce clean milk than dirty milk; and although a building may be perfectly healthy from the point of view of the cow, it is not always easy to produce clean milk in such a building.

Ideally, from the point of view of clean milk production, cows should be milked in a different place from that in which they live. No matter how much labour there is and how hard they work, it is far easier to ensure scrupulous cleanliness in a small milking shed large enough to hold half a dozen or ten cows at a time, than it is to ensure similar cleanliness in a shed standing 50 or 60 cows together. In the large herd, therefore, it is always advisable to have a special milking shed into which the cows are brought at milking time only, while they eat and sleep elsewhere.

There are, however, disadvantages to this scheme. One of these is the problem of rationing cows properly. The usual practice where a milking shed is employed is to feed the cows their concentrates while they are being milked; in fact, most milking sheds are designed with hoppers which allow the food to be put in front of the cow in appropriate amounts, thus saving the necessity of measuring out each ration individually. In theory this sounds satisfactory, but in practice it is usually found that once the cows get into the habit of being fed while they are being milked they will not let their milk down well unless they have some food in front of them. If, therefore, a cow is a slow milker and a fast eater, it will clear up its food before it has let down all its milk, and in nine cases

out of ten even a good herdsman will find it hard to resist the temptation to give that cow a little extra food to keep it quiet while he is getting the last few pounds out of it. On the other hand, a cow that gives its milk quickly, but is a slow eater, might not have time to eat up all its ration before it has been milked dry, and the chances are that it will be pushed out in order to make room for another one before it has finished its ration.

In addition to this, the method of measuring the food from the hopper is by volume and not weight, and, particularly in these days when home-made rations vary in consistency from week to week, the same measure may give at one time 3 lb. and at another time 5 lb. It is therefore impossible to ensure that the cow always receives the correct amount.

A further drawback to the milking shed is that there is a constant stream of cows continually passing in and out, and most cows milk better the quieter their surroundings. In time they get used to the movement, but some experienced farmers maintain that the highest yields are not obtained from the milking-shed system.

On the other hand, there are economic advantages in making use of a milking shed, apart from cleanliness. These advantages are most apparent where herds of 30 or more cows are concerned, and are specially noticeable when it is a question of reconstructing old buildings rather than putting up a completely new set. As the bulk of our milk will be produced in reconditioned buildings rather than in new ones, this is a point which must be borne in mind. Most farms have already either yards or cow-standings of some kind or another which are adequate for the cows to live in, but which cannot be used for milking because they cannot be kept sufficiently clean. In such cases it is far cheaper to reconstruct or to build new a milking shed which can easily be kept clean, rather than to put up modern standings of equivalent cleanliness for a large number of animals. Even if completely new buildings are needed for a large herd, it is cheaper to erect a covered yard and a milking shed than to put up a large range of modern cow-standings.

The requirements of the small herd are different, and since most of the milk in this country is produced from herds of 20 cows or under, we must not lose sight of the very great importance of buildings for this size of herd. If a new range for such a herd is being considered the cheapest course will be to build a shed with standings for all the cows. This can easily be kept clean, and each one will have its

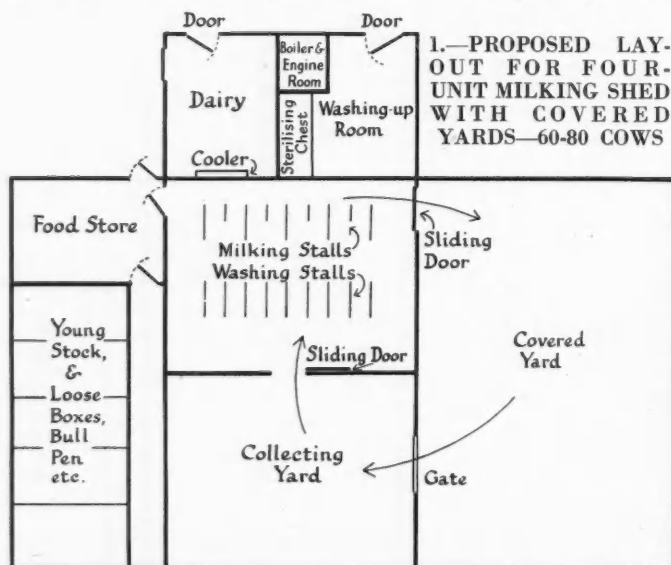
individual feeding-place built for hay and concentrates. The cleaning of the cows on winter mornings after they have lain in all night will take rather longer than if they could be moved from a yard into a milking shed,

but on the other hand, no labour will be needed to move the cows from the standings where they have spent the night into the milking shed. They can be rationed accurately and easily and can be given their food either before or after, and not during, milking. At the same time, while being milked, they stand quietly in their own places, and apart from the movement of the milkers there is no other noise or distraction to disturb them.

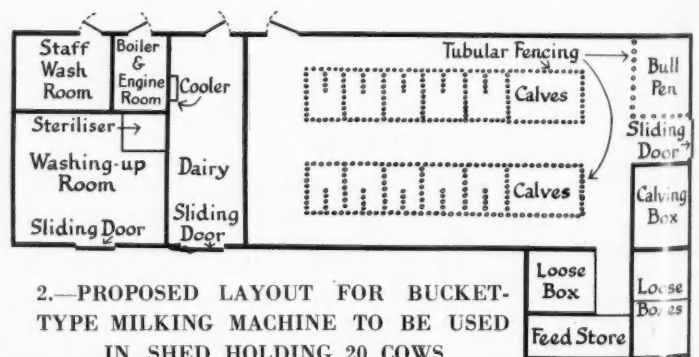
Where there are old buildings already in existence it need not be a very expensive matter to recondition them to make them suitable for clean milk production. Most farms possess buildings with sufficient height and breadth to give adequate air space to the cows, and all that is then needed is a smooth-surfaced floor and walls, adequate ventilation, and tubular steel or concrete standings. Even if a milking shed were to be adapted or erected, all this would be needed, though not for so many cows, but it must be remembered that even with a milking shed, a healthy place must be provided in which the cows can live, and a place, too, that can be kept reasonably clean and well littered without an undue amount of labour.

It may be that in certain cases a compromise can give the best results. Here, the cows are kept in a covered yard and are brought a dozen at a time into standings where they are washed, fed, and then milked. This dispenses with the disadvantages of the milking shed proper, in that the cows can be fed before they are actually milked, and further, there is no movement going on during the milking, all 12 cows remaining where they are until the last one is milked, when they all go out and a fresh batch is brought in. It also overcomes the drawback of milking in the standings, since a shed of this size is easy to keep clean and milking does not have to be done in the same place as the cows have spent the night. It is, however, applicable only to fairly large herds.

Before leaving the question of buildings for cattle altogether, it is worth while discussing briefly shelter sheds in grass fields. In the old days most meadows used principally for grazing, particularly if they were any distance from the farm buildings, had some form of shed in which the cattle could shelter from the sun in the summer or from the cold and the rain in the winter. With the expansion of ley farming the provision of such shelters becomes more important, since in the course of time practically every field on the farm will be used for grazing. What is required, therefore, is either a building of a temporary nature which will not last longer than four or five years, or one which is easily transportable and can be moved from field to field. With so much attention being paid now to pre-fabrication, it is impossible to say what material will be most satisfactory for such buildings. Good results, however, have already been obtained with both timber and baled straw. A building made of the latter nowadays costs practically nothing except the cost of the baling so far as material



Dirty churns come into washing-up room; after washing they are placed in steriliser which opens also into dairy; when sterilised and cooled off they are taken out straight into dairy which thus has no direct connection with the washing-up room



2.—PROPOSED LAYOUT FOR BUCKET-TYPE MILKING MACHINE TO BE USED IN SHED HOLDING 20 COWS

A layout similar to No. 1 would be used where cows are kept in yards but milked 12 or 20 at a time by machine in a special shed. In this case the milking shed would be of suitable dimensions to hold two rows of standings six to ten on each side, with feeding mangers as in No. 2

is concerned, and it can be erected very quickly and easily by unskilled labour. It will certainly last for two years, and with a little bit of attention to protect the straw from being eaten by the cattle, which can be done either by putting wire over it, or better still, by spraying with creosote, it can still give perfectly adequate shelter for several years after it has been put up. It can be covered with a rough thatch tied on to broken hurdles which have been laid across green timber.

Portable wooden sheds, even before the war, were considerably more expensive, and at the moment they are unobtainable. However, when building conditions return to normal it should be possible to get them easily once more. They can be erected with very little skilled labour, and here again a rough thatch will give perfectly

satisfactory results for a number of years. Timber has a very great advantage on a farm because if part of it gets damaged by the hoofs or horns of animals, repairs can be carried out on the spot.

Corrugated iron and pre-cast concrete have also been used with success, and will probably increase in popularity as time goes on, but if something more permanent is required the erection of a small single-span Dutch barn, in which cattle can shelter on the ground floor and hay and straw be stored on the first floor, is worth considering. This not only facilitates the feeding of the animals in winter, but it also avoids the necessity of having to put a strong fence round the stacks if they are placed in the same field as the animals. If such a type of building is contemplated, it should, wherever possible, be placed at the junction of two or

more fields so that as the turn for each one comes to be laid down for temporary pasture a building is available. On a large farm, part of such a building could also be used for the storage of machinery.

It will be seen, therefore, that there are many types of farm buildings, each with its special advantages; the decision as to which type will be used must be largely governed by existing conditions. The point to remember is that in these days of high labour costs, even a comparatively large capital sum expended wisely can show a very satisfactory return, both by reducing labour costs and by improving the quality of the product. We can only hope that after the war sufficient capital will be available to allow satisfactory modern buildings to be erected wherever necessary.

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE

By E. C. SOMERVILLE AND MARTIN ROSS

"MY kingdom for a horse!" It is possible that King Richard would have made a good bargain had he, at that critical moment, succeeded in bringing off the deal. I am quite sure that a horse is a more agreeable possession than a kingdom, and is far less trouble. In fact there are not many possessions that are—as it seems to me—comparable with a good horse, hardly even a good dog.

I am moved to this assertion by a discussion, in which I recently took part, as to whether (leaving kingdoms out of the question) Horse or Dog was more worthy to be had in honour.

The first reaction to the proposition may reasonably be an enquiry as to why any question as to relative merit should arise? We are told on good authority that there is a glory of the sun and a glory of the moon. That the relative glories of Horse and Dog should be argued about is an insult to both.

But it may be conceded that in Dog there is a comprehension of what may be called the human point of view, that is not found in Horse. The good dog patronises, pities, and understands the owner. The owner must understand the horse. A dog's eyes can beam with a love and a bright acceptance of your wishes that are beyond the less cultivated powers of a horse to give. I withdraw the idea of comparison or argument. Arguments can inspire the arguers: they only bore the bystander.

For those who love horses their appeal is so various: there are so many ways it is not easy to count them. A dog, delightful and fascinating as he or she so often is, can move the victim of its charms to fatuous and indiscriminate adoration (an attitude of mind curiously summarised by my dictionary as "dithering"), but to stir the soul to a kind of quivering enthusiasm is the peculiar gift of a horse.

One who loved horses well has said: "But the horse is a gentleman, you know."

Let us consider the dignity and elegance of a well-bred horse, the nobility, the gentlemanliness of his countenance. See him on a hunting morning coming daintily out of his stable, his ears alert, his neck arched. Well he knows that it is a hunting morning! Hasn't he heard the hounds chiming when they saw the scarlet coats coming to fetch them?

"He has a very taking fore-leg," says an Enthusiast, looking on, noting the neat precision of the polished hoofs as they step across the frozen gravel to the mounting-block. Such a creature is proud, but he is not arrogant. One feels that his pride is in doing the right thing, in standing, proud of his subjection, pleased with his coming burden.

"Let me," as Mrs. Browning says, "count the ways" in which horses can hold us in loyalty to them. Take the sound of a horse's galloping feet! Not many thrills can equal it. Think of it at night. How it can make the heart turn over and stand still! All romance and poetry, all hurry and strain, are in it! Down the road he comes and up to the gate—hasty news it must be—one listens, tense, for the clash of the hoofs—Is it good or bad? . . .

It seems to me that the Angel who has horses in charge might well declare that men and women were not worthy of them, of their gallantry, their obedience, their patience, their faithful response to calls upon them, to demands on their endurance, and on their courage.

How many times one wonders have horses been ridden to death for sheer vanity of their owners, who could not endure to lose a forward place in a hunt? Even Sir Walter Scott, who might have known better, has no word of disapproval for "the impatient rider" who, when "the gallant horse exhausted fell," still "strove in vain to rouse him with the spur and rein," and then, having for mere self-satisfaction ridden the good horse to death, utters the pre-tentious and histrionic lament:

*I little thought when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland Eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless Steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, My gallant grey!*

Once upon a time I knew a little brown harness mare who was very fast and very vainglorious in her resolve to out-trot all rivals. Year by year she won the Stepping-race at the local contest. She was accused, by the mortified owners of other contestants, of "breaking her step," and her owner was told it was a disgrace to race "one that was over 30 years old."

But her owner would not admit that "Time, that old Gypsy-man" was sapping her strength. Her eye was as bright, and her little tail—docked long before the later merciful prohibition—as defiantly erect as ever. So he entered her again for the Stepping-race, and she did not fail him. He did not press her. Her little soul of fire forced her into the lead, and she won, even as she had won every time that she had competed there. But this was her last victory. She fell dead between the shafts as she passed the post.

And I'm sure she trotted on into the next world with her head high, and the winning blue ribbon floating from the brow-band.

I may admit that I cannot help feeling less confident about the intellectual capacity of horses than about those moral qualities in which I believe they excel. Yet there is something very endearing about their silliness. The extravagant horror, even terror, with which they receive the offering of an unfamiliar dainty—a first lump of sugar for instance; even a first carrot can be spurned as though its mere smell had lethal power (both objects of suspicion being subsequently snatched at and greedily devoured).

I have a pony that, for a fortnight, when daily passing a heap of sand by the roadside, never failed to shy at it with every symptom of alarm, sometimes even threatening that he might be obliged to bolt. At length the sand was taken away. The pony then, for a considerable time, devoted to its memory obituary shies.

Not long ago I was told a story of the kind that no properly educated person of intelligence will believe (unless the experience is one in

which he personally is involved). Nevertheless I will retell it, as told to me, as it favours the proposition that there are horses that possess psychic powers with which they are not generally credited.

Two young farmer brothers, whose farm is in West Cork, had taken a load of hay to a buyer who lived far from their home. They had had a tiring day, and night had overtaken them, but they faced the long jog home with the philosophy of the countryman, who accepts monotony and long jogs home as all part of the day's work, and they had a good steady horse in their rough springless cart.

The elder brother sat in the front of the cart, the younger lay in the back. It was a dark night and very still. They jogged along quietly, and they said they judged it must have been near midnight when the horse gave a sudden violent start. Then he swung uncontrollably across the road and broke into a rough gallop. The elder brother, sitting over the shaft, was nearly shaken off the cart. "In God's Name what's frightening him?" he roared at his brother. "Woa horse! Woa Barney!" He dragged at the rope reins. "I can't hold him at all!"

The younger brother shoved himself along the floor of the cart until he could grasp his brother's arm. It was as though he was frightened and wanted protection. "She glided up out o' the dyke to us!" he gasped in a hoarse whisper.

"What are ye sayin', ye fool?—Woa Barney! Woa I tell ye!" shouted the elder brother furiously, while he tried in vain to check the horse's ungoverned gallop.

"Look behind!" hissed the younger lad.

The elder brother in telling the story said it was all he could do to turn around with the way the old horse was pulling at him, and he thought the life'd leave him when he seen what was fellyin' on behind the cart—

He fell into remembering silence and the younger brother took up the story.

"It was a thing like a woman—she had cot a hold o' the back o' the cart. As fast as the horse'd gallop it was no trouble for her to keep up!"

A more explicit description was demanded. The lad had a scared look. He turned half round as if he thought that the thing that was like a woman might still be behind him.

"'Twas very dark and foggy like, hardly I could see at all." Then he added, almost in a whisper: "It was like a woman's face at the back o' the cart—white it was, as white as death—an' two white hands grabbin' the tail-board—" He paused, and said, as if to himself: "Surely no woman could run as fast as what Barney was goin'?"

"Well, thank God, she ran with us no farther than to the top o' the Doctor's Hill," said the elder brother, "but that was two good miles from where Barney seen her on the flat o' the Rineen road. I went to his head when he stopped, and the sweat was runnin' off him like rain. He broke out again in the stable the same night."

"'Twas Barney seen her first," said the

younger brother sombrely. "It's playin' on him still."

Evidently Barney had realised that "the thing that was like a woman" would be undesirable as a passenger, or even as a hanger-on, and so he fled from it.

What would one not give to know what he thought of it, and why he was afraid of it!

That horses and dogs, in addition to a certain psychic perceptiveness, can interchange ideas, and can, soundlessly, communicate with one another, cannot, I think, be doubted. The question necessarily arises: How is the message given? One is reminded of that enigmatic saying in the Nineteenth Psalm: There is neither speech nor language: but their voices are heard among them.

But if there is no language, how can threats, warnings, advice, and directions—such of these as cannot be vitalised in mental pictures—be conveyed?

We know that horses and dogs (and specially the latter) can understand and retain the memory of words and sentences of our language, and can remember and obey our instructions and prohibitions. It does not seem difficult to believe that they have some mental vehicle that enables them to transmit to one another the actual words that they have learned from us, and, granting this, it seems reasonable that an equivalent carrier of their own ideas may be assumed. After all, how do we ourselves communicate ideas to one another? We have

to think them first in words. How does one think words?

I have been privileged to see, if not to hear, a conversation that can hardly have achieved its apparent success without the help of definite words. The chance of overhearing it came to me not long ago, and I listened, or rather observed, attentively.

I was driving an elderly pony, Billy his name, a roan, fat and lazy, of the class that is known in the stable as "a good doer," in other words a glutton. A message to a farm-house involved some delay and I waited for the answer on the road outside the gate. As was Billy's practice at any convenient interval, he hurried to some rich grass that was growing on a bank by the roadside, there to snatch the restorative of which at all moments he felt in need. His driver offered no objection, being idly interested in a shapely chestnut filly in the adjoining field. The filly's instantly aroused interest in Billy was far from idle. After a brief moment of intense observation, she advanced across the field to the bank from which Billy was tearing mouthfuls, and with pricked ears, staring, and breathing heavily, she stood at gaze.

Billy's gobbling ceased at once. He reached his head across the bank towards the filly, and after a moment of consideration, she came a step nearer and pressed her pink nose to his brown one. Thus they remained in silent communion for a minute. Then the filly sud-

denly put back her ears and flung her head aside with a slight squeal of disapproval, that yet had in it some spice of coquetry. The elderly gentleman's silent remarks seemed to have been provocative, and were almost certainly of questionable propriety, but he made no reply to the squeal, appearing to consider that flirtation was incompatible with serious lunch (an opinion with which it is likely other elderly gentlemen will concur).

But whether the squeal implied disapproval or no, the filly did not move. She looked away, her ears back, meditating, or so it seemed to Billy's driver, the recent conversation. Then she leaned forward and pricked her pretty ears, staring at Billy as if seeing him for the first time. She must, silently, have spoken to him. He, equally silently, must have replied. Again the noses met. It seemed that cloudless friendship had been established. But in these affairs it is the unexpected that happens. One can only suppose that some insufferable familiarity had been whispered, telepathically, by the old gentleman to the young lady. With a squeal that was now definitely angry, she snatched her head away and reared, and beat the bank with a fore leg. Then whirling round, she kicked up two defiant heels in Billy's face, and galloped away flourishing her long golden tail, and returned no more.

What had Billy said? Something evidently that had stung the filly unendurably and past forgiveness. But how had he said it?

BRAID AND HIS TWOS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

FOR the humblest of golfers to reckon up his eclectic score for any course with which he is familiar, that is to say, the lowest score in which he has at some time or other done each of the 18 holes, is to stand amazed at his own skill. But the moment of conceit soon passes when he reflects by how many strokes that score is lower than the best round he has ever played. It then seems astonishing and pitiful that he cannot string his best efforts together with greater success. He can indeed console himself by thinking that the same rule applies to the most illustrious as it does to him. His eclectic score represents for the champion an ideal as proportionately unattainable as does that of each of us.

Making every allowance for this obvious fact, the achievements of great men, in this respect, on their own courses can appear almost supernatural. I have just been handed a note (I wish it was a fuller one), given under his own hand and seal, of James Braid's record at Walton Heath, and to make any adequate comment on it I must borrow the words of Mr. Samuel Weller: "If this don't beat cock-fightin' nothin' never will." Braid made it *à propos* of the fact that on the last round played in his seventy-third year (he was 74 on February 6 last) he went round in 73; further that he did so by finishing with a two and a three for the last two holes of the old course.

Now here, in brief, is this astounding record. As all the world knows, there are two courses at Walton Heath, the old and the new, both as long and severe as the heart of man can desire. On each of the courses Braid has at some time or other holed all but two of the 18 holes in two shots. On the old course the two that have thus far defeated him so that he has presumably to be content with a modest three as his best are the eighth and sixteenth; there seems something particularly defiant and unconquerable about the number 16. Thus, if Braid had never holed a tee shot in all his life, his eclectic score for each course would be 38, or two over twos. The books tell us, however, that he has, in all, done 14 holes in one, and I am very sure that some of those ones were done at Walton. Therefore, I imagine I am making a conservative estimate when I say that his eclectic score or at any rate one of the two is 36 or even twos. Prodigious!

Here is one more little piece of statistics about these twos of his which is fully as surprising as the rest. Those who know the old course at Walton know that the fifth and sixth holes are both one-shotters, the fifth calling for a good long shot which may need wood, the sixth considerably shorter, but having a green whence the ball is almost magnetically drawn into several surrounding bunkers. Here is the story in Braid's own brief words: "Some years ago I did the fifth and sixth holes in five consecutive rounds in two each, and I did the fifth in two in the sixth round." The wonder is that he ever stopped doing twos when the thing had grown into such an inveterate habit. It must have needed a great effort to break himself of it. This really is the most astounding—but comment is futile and unnecessary.

To revert for a moment to the eclectic score, I have just been looking, by way of comparison, at the book of reminiscences which Andrew Kirkaldy wrote, or rather talked to his biographer some years back. There he gives his best holes for the Old Course at St. Andrews in half a century: Out—2, 2, 3, 3, 2, 3, 2, 1. Home—2, 1, 2, 3, 4, 2, 3, 3, 2. That is 21 out and 22 home and a remarkable score enough, but it seems almost mild besides James's achievement at Walton. It is true that, as Andrew would doubtless have pointed out in his forcible manner, St. Andrews has but two one-shot holes—the eighth and eleventh, with another possible in the ninth, whereas the old course at Walton had at least three (I am thinking of it before it was altered) and almost two more, in that under certain conditions both the first and third were within Braid's reach from the tee. However, perhaps that is rather futile, as comparisons generally are, for at St. Andrews the tenth can sometimes be driven and I have played with one who over-drove the sixteenth. Let us just take the two records as they are. I should imagine, by the way, that Sandy Herd must have had one of the most dazzling of all eclectic scores at Coombe Hill, for he had a helpful start in the fact that he had holed each of five there in a single shot, two of them twice apiece and three of them thrice. How many twos he had had at the longer holes I do not know.

One thing that will probably occur to the reader's mind on hearing of Braid and his twos

is that a disproportionate fuss is made about ones and that the twos do not always get the honour they deserve. It is, I suppose, the traditional penalty of the bottle of whisky—heaven forbid that any friend of mine should do a hole in one at the present price!—which gives to the ones their unfair measure of publicity. Twos are often the more noteworthy, for the shot holed may be fully as long or longer than the tee shot played to any short hole, and has not been struck off a presumably helpful tee. Yet though there is no golfer so modest or so forgetful that he cannot say how many times he has holed his tee shot, it needs one with the memory and accuracy of a Braid to recall what may be called his fortuitous twos, wherein he has holed out an approach shot of any considerable length. Some are easily remembered, such as the two consecutive twos, the second of them at a one-shot hole, with which Mr. V. A. Pollock, a good many years since, began his round of 70, the record for the old nine holes at Felixstowe.

For the most part, however, they fade out of the mind unless—a humiliating thought—it is only that we have never done them. In my own memory one stands out clearly; I once began a friendly round at Worplesden with Captain Ambrose by holing my mashie shot for two at the first hole. That was startling, and it startled me into missing all my other shots at all the other holes; so it is easy to remember, but I do not seem to remember many others, though I have certainly done some. A corresponding feat I do remember well, that of holing an iron shot for a three at the fourteenth or Long Hole In at St. Andrews; and by the way, here, if here alone, I can improve on Andrew Kirkaldy's eclectic round, for I observe that never in his life had he beaten a four there. Yet he had done the Long Hole Out in two, which must certainly be a very rare feat. In fact, though nearly everything has been done once, I never knew, till I looked at his book, that this had been done.

That particular two would be like a good many ones in that the player could not see his ball go in; he would only know that he had played a fine second and have hopes of its ending near the hole. It is a question that might be debated for ever: which gives the greater ecstasy, the seeing the ball go in or

the finding it nestling at the bottom of the hole? It is perhaps in the second case that the player will experience a greater number and variety of emotions, for he may only look in the hole as a last resource. That will bring him a blessed sensation of relief after he has hunted high and low, tortured meanwhile by thoughts of his perfectly struck ball having kicked incredibly into a bunker or been picked up by

the thievish couple in front. Still, if I have to decide, I hold that the supreme poignancy is to be attained by seeing with our own eyes the ball go in. Perhaps, as an afterthought, it is better still to see it run up to the hole and lean against the flag-pole. Then we can have the additional thrill of gingerly removing the pole and watching the ball hover for an instant and then sidle gently in. In whichever manner they

may be accomplished, I wish Braid could get the twos he needs at those two unyielding holes in each case, so as to make his record wholly symmetrical as well as unique; but if my memory serves me they are all four pretty long holes and, spritely youth though he may be, I am not too optimistic about it. Well, heaven knows, the record is good enough as it is.

HIGH UP WITH HERON AND TEAL

By HARALD PENROSE

THERE was a wintry nip in the air as it poured past the narrow windscreen. Cautiously I peered round the glass and surveyed the floods spreading, smooth and shining, five thousand feet below. They covered hundreds of square miles, stretching westward from an arm that touched the Roman Fosse-way by Ilchester and spreading ever wider over Sedgemoor until they joined with other sheets of gleaming water to form a vast lake that reached to the turbid brown waters of the Bristol Channel.

The fields and hills embracing this giant flood were dim, blue shapes shrouded with mist—for the aircscape was vaporous, the upper sky dotted with ragged clumps of cumulus, the lower almost melting into the soaked ground and the floods.

To the north, above the Mendips, rain sheeted across the horizon from a dull nimbus cloud; but low in the south-west burned a white disc of sun, too bright for the eye to rest on, with arms of sunshine illuminating small areas of wood and field with a circle of light.

Slowly I edged round the great area of glittering water. Drowned trees stood here and there, forlorn and isolated. Deeper lines of silver marked the intersecting ditches and rhines that divided the plain into a multitude of rectangles. Sometimes a line of tall hedge would break the surface of the water; occasionally a field on higher ground made a green or brown island patch, and these were white-dotted with gulls congregating as they searched the soft mud for food.

It was over one of these knolls, only a week before, that from my aeroplane I had seen a heron soaring.

In lazy circles he swept across the area between the juncture of the Rivers Yeo and Parrett. His great, square-shaped, grey wings had caught my eye as he sailed 1,000 ft. above fields that had not then been inundated. Like a buzzard he held his wings: steady and upspread, the tips extended to afford the maximum area possible and thus give a rate of descent slower than the upward moving bubble of air in which he soared. I banked the aeroplane towards the bird—and in that moment lost him.

And now where, only a few days ago, the heron had been fishing, was this huge lake lapping to the foot of the knoll. I wondered if the bird had found a fresh haunt, or whether he was there, far below me, stiffly poised on the fringe of mud, his terrible beak raised to spear frog or straying fish . . . It seemed worth dropping lower and skimming the floods to see if I could raise my old friend—and, if not him, to find what other birds were haunting the flooded moors.

Perhaps it appears like hunting for the proverbial needle to think of searching by air miles of country with the hope of discovering a particular heron, or, indeed, sign of any bird. Yet hundreds of times, flying with well throttled engine, I have skimmed cliffs, moors, and meadows and watched without difficulty the unfrightened flight of many different species. Of some birds I know their haunts and the limits of their journeys so well that they can be found on most occasions. Thus the herons of the Somerset water-meadows generally could be discovered either on the West Moor dykes or fishing on the Great Rhine—that long canal, emphatic in its width and straightness, which runs, undeviating, from High Ham in the East to the scene of the Battle of Sedgemoor, where



"HIS GREAT, SQUARE-SHAPED, GREY WINGS HAD CAUGHT MY EYE"

it abruptly turns before continuing, like an arrow, until it meets the sea. From 5,000 ft. the Great Rhine is a remote silver line, set in a chequer-board of water meadow, that can be covered by a hand. From the closeness of 500 ft. it has all the reality of actual contact—but with a vista that stretches from end to end of each of its straights, and with every indentation of the steep water banks, each glistening tree leaf, every broken fence, the smallest tussock of grass or discoloration of surface, revealed with utmost clarity. To see a light-coloured bird as large as a heron is therefore very easy. A small aeroplane slowly flying several hundred feet above makes insufficient noise to disturb the bird. As the machine passes at some 50 m.p.h. the heron will do no more than lift its head momentarily, watch for two or three seconds, and then return to fishing.

But if the aeroplane is flown much lower—say fifty feet—then many birds take wing, but never with any sign of fright, for their wing beats are unhurried. It is a fascinating sight to see a heron suddenly jump into the air with deliberate and powerful down thrust of his wings, followed by a retraction of the long neck, and then the slow raising and eventual trailing of his spidery legs. He will steer only slightly away as the aeroplane passes, and for a moment human eyes and those of the bird may meet—and understand.

To-day, as I circled, staring over the floods that covered the usual haunts of the herons, it seemed more likely the great grey birds had departed to less swollen streams. But if one was still there I knew I should raise him by flying a sufficient number of times up and down the floods to encompass all the area by eye. My

mind made up, I throttled back and began to lose height, sliding through the air with less noise than the beating wings of a wild goose.

With every foot of height that was lost, the floods seemed to expand further, and the hills and trees to assume more solid form. I closely scanned first the whole vista of water, then a mile, and from a smaller height no more than half a mile, yet always it spread silvered and wider under the wings. The aeroplane dropped lower and lower, until it was barely 200 ft. high. The engine was opened to a gentle rumble just sufficient to maintain level flight at slowest speed.

No sign of the heron! I passed the golden-stoned houses of Langport—its river submerged and lost in the floods which reached to the outskirts of the little town. Ahead stretched the moors to Westonzoiland. At right angles to my course, cupped below the ridge of Curry Hill, was West Sedgemoor. I banked sharply round to explore it first . . . Almost at once I saw that the middle water was covered with small dark forms—hundreds and hundreds of duck! Away went all thought of the heron. The aeroplane headed for the feeding birds. In fussy little parties a fragment of the main flock would spring into the air, circle on fast beating wing, and plane down again. Teal! They were easily recognised by their small size and wing-shape, and their manner of springing into flight; though the chestnut head and the verniculated black of the body were too remote for recognition.

The aeroplane was turned in a wide sweep while I tried to estimate how many birds were there—an impossible task. Then I thought that if these teal could be made to fly in a flock it would be easier to gauge the number of these

visitors. At once the aeroplane was headed towards them in a shallow dive. Down it went, and down, flying out of the sun. The teal began to swim in formation as they heard the engine's mutter. Ten feet above the water the machine was flattened out and the throttle opened. Simultaneously the great flock seemed to stand on their tails with a beating of wings so violent that it rippled the water. The next instant they were as high as the aeroplane, climbing with wings going like flails, and turning off my course. I banked the aeroplane in the opposite direction, swept right round West Moor, and headed back towards the cloud of birds. The lowest were now 1,000 ft. high and climbing fast; the topmost were 200 ft. higher. I opened up, and at 90 m.p.h. passed underneath them with sufficient relative speed to give the impression that they were going backwards. I was close enough to see the rufous colouring and the green eye-stripe of the males. They swerved to right and left, sweeping at the air harder with the outer wing. Realising they were frightened, I turned away. When the circle had been completed the duck were much higher, but they had split into two flocks. I followed the larger—but more cautiously this time.

The rest of their flight was like a game of ten little nigger boys: every few minutes a little

group of teal would fall out. Throttling back to no more than 50 m.p.h. I circled just below the birds, slowly overtaking them—and then they would turn away more sharply than could my aeroplane, when I would slowly follow and overtake them in the opposite direction. Steadily we mounted: 2,000 ft., 3,000 ft. and still up. Whenever the aeroplane neared them, there would be a glimpse of the coloured head, an impression of the bird's bright eye, and a sense of the power that animated the rapidly beating wings. Each time I would also see half a dozen or so of the birds break away from the main party by tilting on one side, half closing their wings, and dropping in a headlong tumble. So sudden was this manoeuvre that it was quite impossible to dive after them, and even to sight their path was difficult; but sometimes I would see them again, 2,000 ft. lower, no longer flapping but with wings held rigid as they curved fast to the water.

I began to wonder what height the remainder would attain. At 3,500 ft. the flock had dwindled to about fifty. Still they cut the air with their incisive stroke, and, circling 100 ft. below, I relentlessly followed.

More birds dived away, with lurching wing stroke. The altimeter showed over 4,000 ft. The flooded moors became remote. The horizon

was lost in deeper mist. Twenty birds now left. Still they beat the air with a stroke that seemed quite as powerful as that with which they had commenced their climb some ten minutes back. Still up: 4,500 ft. now!

I craned round the windscreen to see the duck better. The ice-cold air stung my eyes to tears, but I could see that the birds were in a loosely-knit formation, flying about six to ten feet apart. There was ample time to count them: twenty little teal flying at 5,000 ft. in a circle a quarter of a mile in diameter. How much higher, I wondered, how much longer would these wild creatures fly further from their watery world? I glanced across the mirrored floods, small as a pond now, and stared for a moment at the dim, brown pencil line of the Severn, and the ghost of a purple smudge that was Wales. On a clear day from this height a bird might see across ten counties. I wondered if the teal knew the landmarks as intimately as I—or better—and whether in their soft pipings they gave name to the range I knew as the Mendips, or the Island that was Lundy, or the rolling olive-green which I knew to be the Wiltshire Downs? I lifted my head towards the twenty gallant teal . . . They had gone, vanished entirely like my heron of the soaring flight.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT DESIGNS

SIR,—Between the two wars a society was formed for the preservation of rural England. There is also a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. What is now required is a society for the protection and preservation of ancient designs, more especially those of tapestries and needlework.

In the last four years beautiful tapestry and needlework have been destroyed or completely obliterated. London children evacuated to great houses have thrown their darts at tapestried walls. Chair seats of ancient design have been worn down to the canvas on which they were worked. These should be rescued before the design has quite disappeared, and re-worked, every stitch counted and colours matched from the back of the canvas, then replaced on the chairs for which the originals were made.

The writer has just completed a copy of a needlework carpet of the Georgian period, which, left on a floor, was torn to rags by careless tenants. The original carpets had six floral panels and a beautiful border. Two of the panels were so badly torn as to be unrecognisable, but four panels worked out well and the design has been saved.—LUCY MORISON, Fakenham Rectory, Norfolk.

THE CASE FOR ORGANIC FARMING

From the Earl of Warwick.

SIR,—In your issue of June 16 you publish four letters criticising Sir Albert Howard's article on organic farming. May I first say how grateful many of us are to you for having introduced this absorbing subject, and then, having a deep interest in the land, may I deal with the letters which, I feel, do not supply any very constructive criticism?

Colonel Parbury says that good farming takes the first place in agriculture and that this includes the maintenance of humus, only to be derived from the practice of organic manuring. Second, he names the proper rotation of crops; third, that the crop should be suited to the soil; fourth, that additional fertilisers produce good results when used with discrimination according to the crop requirements and the nature of the land; fifth, the indiscriminate use of any fertiliser leads to trouble.

With every one of these statements I am, and we should all be, in complete agreement. He spoils his contribution, however, towards the



COPY OF A REGENCY CARPET WORKED BETWEEN JUNE, 1943, AND MARCH, 1944. 6 ft. 2 ins. square

See letter: The Preservation of Ancient Designs

end when he refers to "the evil results of over-deep ploughing."

There are no evil results of over-deep ploughing provided always that the subsoil which is brought up can be broken down and adequately fertilised—made alive—before the introduction of the new crop.

He refers also to "the danger of drawing conclusions from unconfirmed observations or short-duration trials." Surely, under this heading we can include nearly all uses of inorganic fertilisers as they have been employed for such a short number of years. Is this not a point yielded to Sir Albert, whom Colonel Parbury is attacking?

Colonel Parbury admits that the Barbados are in a sad case and that there is a lack of humus there, but he excuses the whole disaster, which Sir Albert foretold, by saying: "Judging by the trade returns artificials have done them pretty well."

If you attach considerations of finance and cheap farming practice to

this discussion we shall defeat its whole purpose. Cheap farming and good husbandry rarely go together. It is true that the prodigal and wilful wastage of Nature's material is cheaper than a good job, but some day raw materials may run out and it is to conserve them that we are carrying on this correspondence.

Colonel Parbury says that Lincolnshire never produced potatoes of the same quality as those grown under more favourable conditions in Scotland. Surely this is nothing with which to attack Sir Albert! In the early days Lincolnshire did produce potatoes of excellent eating and keeping quality and this is what Sir Albert was discussing. I think Colonel Parbury is right, however, when he says that eel-worm in Lincolnshire is largely due to faulty rotation, which leads to the unbalancing of natural forces.

I agree that blight is not soil-borne. The disease is carried from place to place and from year to year,

but the violence of its attack is regulated by the strength of resistance in the plant. By good soil Sir Albert means soil which builds resistance in plants. In his enthusiasm he may imply the eradication of disease, but like the calculation of infinity this claim must be taken with a grain of salt.

Artificials and Diseases

Colonel Parbury suggests that there is no evidence that diseases of cattle can result from artificials. I am very glad he is able to make such a statement, but artificials are generally employed to help a weak soil, and there certainly is evidence that cattle disease is less prevalent on healthy soil, and that cattle are more resistant to disease when fed on food grown on healthy soil. Considerable experiments have been carried out by authoritative men over the past 20 years which leave us in no doubt of this fact, though further experiments are needed to make clear the whole picture of the health of the soil in relation to the health of the stock. Colonel Parbury should read *The Journal of Agricultural Science*, Vol. 16, part 1, January, 1926, and the *Scottish Journal of Agriculture*, October, 1925, and the works of Dr. J. B. Orr, Professor Wood, and Major Elliott. Disease among our milch herds has been rapidly increasing, whether we attribute it to the use of artificials or not.

I agree that Sir Albert's enthusiasm for Chinese methods can be construed to create a wrong impression. But the principle is correct which he is trying to put before us. The Chinese look after their soil. They have methods, however primitive, and method of some sort is essential.

Chinese Farming

Their methods have enabled them to grow crops on the same soil for many centuries. The Chinese death-rate, which Colonel Parbury quotes as a refutation of their methods, is no worse than ours was when our available medical services were in the same condition as theirs to-day.

The decline in the death-rate should not be claimed by out-and-out advocates of inorganic fertilisers unless they are prepared to take credit for the decline of the birth-rate (from 35 to 14) over the same period, and contribute more generously towards the £300,000,000 we spend annually on maintaining our national health.

Age has nothing to do with stamina, virility or the power of repro-

duction. Doctors keep us alive longer than our grandfathers—mostly in sedentary jobs—and that causes us to think that we are healthier than they were. We are congratulating ourselves now that for four years our well-paid workmen, in excellent conditions, have managed to do 60 hours of work per week. A hundred years ago many men did 72 hours a week, walked to work, were ill-paid, and did this not for four years but for a lifetime.

Difference of Form

Mr. Walter Packard's letter is the answer which turneth away wrath. If inorganic fertilisers were only sold to increase crops after a proper proportion of organic had been returned to the soil he would be quite right. But he knows as well as I do, and with the greatest politeness I suggest he is wasting all our time by not admitting it, that it is the practice in this country to use inorganic fertilisers instead of organic and it is this that Sir Albert deplures.

From the crop's point of view it is not that the basic ingredients are different in the two methods of fertilising but the form in which they are delivered to the plant system. All the food we eat could be absorbed by injection or in tablet form, but any doctor will tell you that if we pursued such a practice from the cradle to the grave, ignoring our alimentary system and all its intricate organisation, which has been put there for a given purpose, we should reach the grave much earlier than Mr. Packard, I imagine, would desire.

Mr. Worth's letter revolves entirely round the potato industry and quotes statistics which I am unfortunately at the moment unable to check, but which I will check as it is important we should have the entire truth. The average crop for the whole country in 1904, the year he mentions, was 5·24 tons per acre, but this includes the very worst cultivations. I think good Lincolnshire farmers he cites can seldom have fallen below 7 tons—his maximum average for them.

So far as concerns the addition of necessary humus and the employment of a proper rotation, which Mr. Worth suggests is practised by South Lincolnshire farmers, surely this cannot be true. In peace-time it was uneconomic and in war-time it is neither possible nor allowed.

Colonel Pollitt starts his letter by suggesting (1) that Sir Albert is wrong in assuming that the user of inorganic fertiliser would not apply all the humus he can economically obtain,

and that Sir Albert's statement is unfair and untrue. What does Colonel Pollitt mean by "economically"? Would the word give any consolation to a starving soil? For a man of his wide knowledge to make such a suggestion when we know the conditions of labour and the availability of manure is a fantasy. I feel that he would not wish to repeat this statement anywhere to a gathering of farmers.

It would be interesting to know what evidence there is that inorganic fertilisers increase earthworms, for so his paragraph reads to me. There is very definite evidence to the contrary. Apart from one's own disinterested observation, there are Dr. G. S.

Oliver's three volumes on the subject of the earthworm and the fact that he bred worms in America to supply to farmers "for such barren land from which the earthworms had been banished by chemical manures and poison sprays." Has Colonel Pollitt read Sir Bernard Greenwell's paper to the Farmers' Club in 1939 on this very subject?

On the question of earthworms on the Broadbalk field at Rothamsted, I agree with Colonel Pollitt that Sir Albert has raised a highly controversial subject, and I would like to hear further evidence if he has any, but I would remind Colonel Pollitt that Broadbalk is very narrow and that worms do return to soil from which

unpleasant conditions have driven them.

Colonel Pollitt says that lack of humus is the necessary result of economic conditions. If that is to be our answer it is surely based on the dictum "Drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Yield is not always a measure of health of the soil. Unquestionably Colonel Pollitt is correct in saying that artificial stimulants have prolonged the plant-yielding life of a much-abused soil! He does not say, however, how much fertiliser has to be put on now to get this yield.

The question of sewage sludge needs serious consideration. I believe the tonnage recoverable to be more than twice that quoted by Colonel Pollitt, and I do not think that Sir Albert suggested that this should be the only form of organic fertiliser employed.

In so far as the Indore method of composting is employed, the doubling of the number of workers on the land I believe, contrary to Colonel Pollitt, to be most desirable, though I do feel that there is still something to be desired in the practical application of Sir Albert's system. Perhaps Lady Eve Balfour is completing the work he started with her experiments at the Haughley Institute.

Surely Colonel Pollitt is splitting hairs in his reference to Barbados. A grant was made to increase mixed farming in the Barbados and the mixed farming was necessary because of the condition of both human and soil health. It is not done for fun or for profit. Is that not what Sir Albert said?

Cattle Disease

Colonel Pollitt's statement that the chief reason that there is more cattle disease than in the past is, "no doubt, that there are more cattle, more markets, more shows and, therefore, more opportunities of spreading disease . . ." does not help us much in this search for truth. May I point out that for the last four and a half years there have been many fewer cattle, much smaller markets, no shows and, therefore, much less opportunity of spreading disease. Yet disease shows no signs of declining.

When we impoverish our soil we impoverish the health of our stock and in turn our own health. Perhaps our discussion might make more rapid progress towards the truth which we must some day discover if the participants were



THE RIVER BEFORE THE BRIDGE. BY P. A. RYSBRACH (1690-1748)

See letter: Old Richmond (following page)



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL. BY G. BARRET (1728-84)

See letter: Old Richmond (following page)



**THE BASE OF A CELTIC CROSS
HOLLOWED OUT TO FORM A FONT**

See letter: The Penmon Font

disinterested and, therefore, able to be objective.

Too much time is being wasted on deciding just how wrong is everything advocated by each different system. Probably no one is right and it is only by analysing the work of all and balancing the best together that we shall reach our goal.—WARWICK, Warwick Castle, Warwick.

[While we welcome correspondence on this subject from informed readers, we must remind them of the present limitations of space and ask them to be as concise as possible.—Ed.]

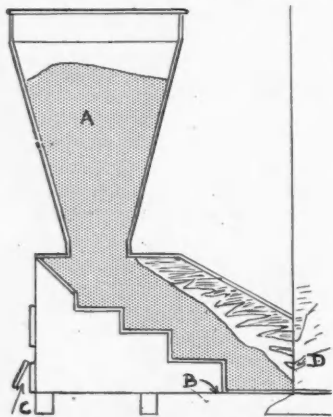
OLD RICHMOND

SIR,—So much interest is being shown about Richmond, that I send two views (see previous page), which you may care to reproduce—(1) *The River before the Bridge*, by P. A. Rysbrach (1690-1748), showing the old Ferry "Gallery" mentioned by Horace Walpole. Date circa 1740. (This Rysbrach was brother to the famous sculptor.) (2) *View from Richmond Hill*, by G. Barret (1728-84), including Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Wick" House.

In my opinion, the topmost of the three views in your issue of May 12 (from the Ionides collection) is not by either of the painters mentioned, but by Jan Siberechts (1625-1703), who painted much here after his arrival in 1670.—M. H. GRANT, 18, Victoria Grove, Kensington, W.8.

RUNNING ON WASTE

SIR,—I enclose a rough cross-section sketch of a sawdust hopper which I saw in use heating some Wolverhampton business premises in 1928. It can be adapted for use with any existing coal- or coke-burning furnace. It is a funnel-shaped arrangement of sheet iron, firmly attached to the front of the furnace. Its simplicity of construction makes for ease in operation, for the only attention necessary is to fill the hopper when required. There are no flues to regulate, the automatic feed being entirely reliant upon gravity, and the heat is regulated by the amount of air admitted, the draught being controlled by the small door at the bottom of the hopper. The cost of heating in 1928 was estimated at less than 2s. a room per month in the event of the sawdust having to be bought at 6d. a sack.



**HOPPER FOR SAWDUST-
BURNING FURNACE**
A, Sawdust. B, perforated base.
C, draught. D, furnace

See letter: Running on Waste

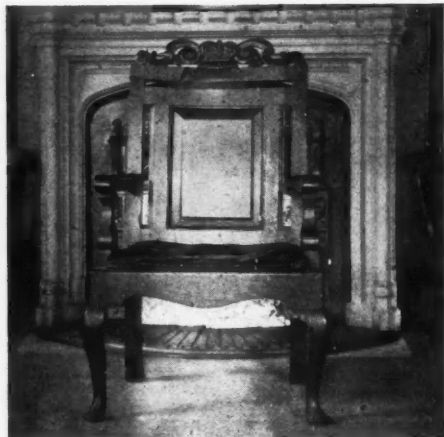
This sketch was sent to the Ministry of Fuel, and their only suggestion was that some manufacturing concern might be approached.—G. BERNARD HUGHES, 14, Oakdene Road, Sevenoaks, Kent.

THE PENMON FONT

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the font at Penmon Priory in Anglesey, which must be unique. It is formed from the base of a Celtic cross of about 1000 A.D. which was found during last century, it is said in a builder's yard, at Beaumaris, and returned to its original place, after being hollowed out to serve as a font. Penmon is one of the oldest religious sites in Wales, the Priory dating back to perhaps the sixth century. There are other carved crosses in the church and outside it.—M. W., Hereford.

ANTHONY COLLETT: A MEMORIAL

SIR,—Some of the friends of Anthony Collett are anxious that there should be a memorial of him at Bradfield, his old school. The authorities there have approved the proposal that a specially bound set of his ten books should be presented to the school



**JUDGE JEFFREYS'S CHAIR IN THE
COUNCIL CHAMBER AT DORCHESTER**

See letter: Judge Jeffreys's Chair

library at Bradfield, and that any money that personal friends of Collett or admirers of his writing may contribute should be spent on standard works which, together with his own books, would form a Collett Collection in the natural history section of the School library.

Subscriptions should be sent to Sir Bruce Richmond, Netherhampton House, Salisbury.—W. BEACH THOMAS, ERIC PARKER, BRUCE L. RICHMOND, KENNETH R. SWAN.

A HOUSE THAT WAS MOVED

SIR,—The Queen Elizabeth house in Worcester of which I send a photograph originally belonged to the Guild of the Holy Trinity, which was suppressed in 1546. The Guild had established almshouses and a school, and the house was occupied by the schoolmaster. At a later date Queen Elizabeth addressed the citizens and Corporation from the balcony and herself contributed to the endowment which had been impoverished by her father, Henry VIII.

In 1891 the house was found to occupy land needed to construct a new road and was moved bodily on greased railway lines, laid for the purpose, to its present site. It speaks volumes for the strength of its original construction that such a feat should be possible.

The house is still in very sound condition and is occupied as a dwelling.—R. AUSTIN SMITH, Barbourne, Worcestershire.

JUDGE JEFFREYS'S CHAIR

SIR,—Dorchester was one of the places in the West of England visited by the infamous Judge George Jeffreys during the Bloody Assizes which followed the ill-starred Rebellion of the Duke of Monmouth. The Dorchester Assizes—a travesty of justice—were held in September, 1685. One contemporary publication states that "349 persons were tried for complicity in the Monmouth Rebellion." The Gaol Book of Dorset for that year gives the number of persons as 321, and opposite the names of 57 unfortunate prisoners is drawn a hieroglyphic (or rough sketch) indicating that this number were eventually "hanged, drawn and quartered," according to the barbarous custom of the age.

The chair that Judge Jeffreys used is a treasured possession of Dorchester and now stands in the Dorchester Council Chamber. I took a photograph years ago, when visiting the Museum with Thomas Hardy, who pointed it out to me. I forwarded a copy of the photograph to the curator of the Museum, when wishing to check up upon it, as I have a number of pictures of historic chairs. He then informed me that it was not the so-called Jeffreys chair in the Museum, used by Jeffreys at the Bloody Assizes. The curator instituted enquiries and wrote to me saying that the real chair, presented to the Dorchester Town Council, had been traced through my photograph as that in the Council Chamber—the chair of my photograph attached.—CLIVE HOLLAND, Gerrard's Cross, Buckinghamshire.

[The cabriole legs cannot be



**AN OLD HOUSE THAT WAS MOVED
BODILY TO ITS PRESENT SITE**

See letter: A House that was Moved

earlier than early eighteenth century, and are probably renewals, but the remainder appears original.—Ed.]

SHARKS IN THE KARUN

SIR,—I was interested in Major Jarvis's recent note questioning whether sharks frequent the Karun river. They do, very definitely.

During the last war I was stationed for some three years on the lower reaches of the Karun, in the Mohammerah (now known, I believe, as the Kermanshah) region. Periodically the sharks came up the river, making for the upper reaches, according to the local Arabs, to breed.

The bigger fellows—12 ft. long or more—used to keep well out. The smaller (about 6 ft. long, as Major Jarvis mentions) used to come nearer inshore. We shot a number. Also we used to fish for them, with lumps of rotted meat on big meat hooks linked to metal cable. I enclose a snap of a very small one that we landed.

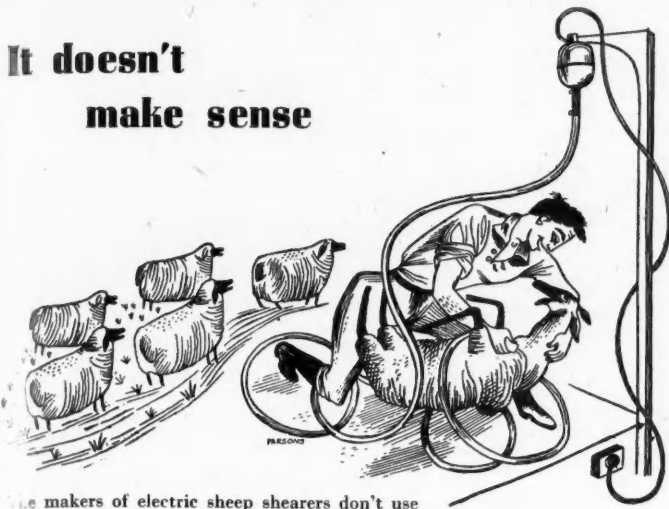
Occasionally the natives—who of course used the river for all purposes—were caught by these fierce creatures and terribly mauled. We used to swim in an enclosure surrounded by heavy steel netting. But once when I was swimming a shark somehow got through. I had various rather hectic moments in the East, but to this day I am convinced that the high-spot of scare is to be chased by a shark! S. A. MAYCOCK, Strand, W.C.2.



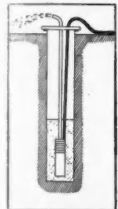
**ONE OF THE SMALLER OF THE SHARKS HOOKED IN THE
KARUN RIVER**

See letter: Sharks in the Karun

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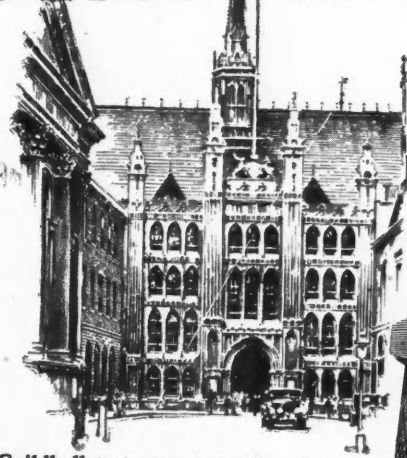
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—POPE. Essay on Man.

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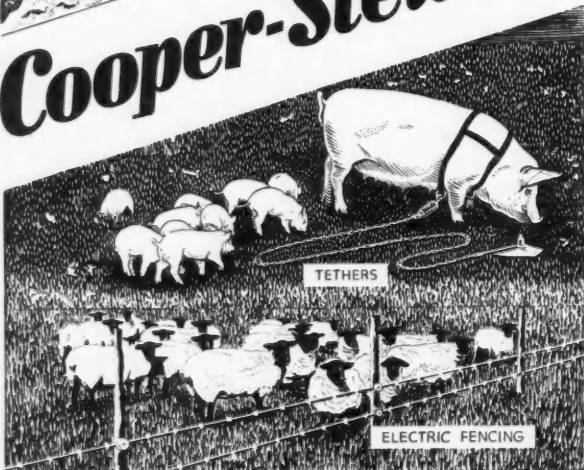
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FARMING NOTES

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION

DR. LOVEDAY is to guide Government policy on agricultural education. He has been made chairman of the two committees set up by the Minister of Agriculture, one of which is to review the system of higher agricultural education and the other to see how the facilities for farm institute training can best be expanded. Dr. Loveday is the Vice-Chancellor of Bristol University and so he knows something about education. As a university, Bristol has not developed its agricultural side as Reading has or Durham. Nevertheless, Dr. Loveday has some first-hand knowledge of what is wanted through his chairmanship of the Ministry of Agriculture's previous Agricultural Education Committee which reviewed the Government grants to agricultural colleges. The two new committees are fairly representative of different walks of agricultural life, including farm workers and the Women's Land Army. They have a worth-while job to do. In many districts, agricultural education has not kept pace with the needs of the industry or the results of research.

A more effective agricultural education system is an essential part of the all-round efficiency which must be the basis of post-war plans. I am told that the farm institutes and agricultural colleges which are still open are filled to capacity. There is a waiting list for the September term. As soon as more normal conditions return and the younger generation can be spared for technical education, many fathers will want to send their sons for a course. There are a good many boys in the towns who have set their hearts on farming. I have no doubt that the new farm institutes—one at least in each county—will get all the students they want.

TRAVELLING by train through the South Midlands at the end of June, I was struck by the bales of hay standing out in several fields. They looked like a miniature Stonehenge. This practice of baling hay in the field is comparatively new but it has caught on readily. The great benefit is, of course, that once the hay is baled it can be stacked ready for use in the winter without the laborious business of cutting out bales from the stack. On the farm where I watched hay-baling in process, they had not got a pick-up baler, they were using an ordinary hay-baler such as we use at threshing. The hay was being swept up to the baler in the middle of the field and loaded in by hand. The farmer said that he would leave the bales standing for a week unless it looked like rain before he made a stack of them. He had baled some hay last year and made the mistake of putting the bales together too quickly. He got mould on the outside of the bales although the inside was perfectly sweet and sound. His crop this year was seeds and looked like a good 25 cwt. of hay to the acre. Some of the old meadows have been barely worth cutting. A season like this brings out the virtues of young leys. One field at home has been grazed hard since April. Now it must have a rest, and to refresh it we have given a top dressing of sulphate of ammonia at the rate of 1 cwt. to the acre. Some nice showers should set growth growing again.

IHAVE never seen cattle eating branches of oak trees before; nor have I seen them eating nettles. Elm leaves I knew they liked. This dry time has forced them to look round for any green stuff, there was so little for them in the pastures. Cows seem to fancy nettles when they have been cut and presumably the sting has gone

out of them, but growing nettles are usually left severely alone. In past times, I believe, hay was made out of elm leaves. No doubt the chemical analysis is quite good and the dry material is said to be quite palatable. By the time these words appear I hope we shall have more grass and the cattle can give up these strange tastes. Incidentally I was on a farm recently where acorns are regularly fed to poultry. The farmer pays the local schoolchildren 3s. a sack for sound acorns. These are dried on a neighbour's drier and then ground through a hammer mill. Used at the rate of 10 per cent. of the mash, this acorn meal makes a useful addition to the hens' feed. It does not colour the eggs. Green acorns will turn the yolks green and the consumer does not like a green egg.

THE main-crop potatoes made a very poor start on the thinner soils. Cold winds and lack of moisture stunted them and in the last week of June there were some that had hardly made any growth at all. Tops were so small that it seemed risky to put in the ridging plough for fear of smothering them and checking them further. By this time it is generally possible to find some small potatoes down below. So far as the southern counties are concerned I reckon the potato crop is at least a fortnight behind the calendar. In the North, Midlands and Scotland, growth has been much more normal and they have no fears about their crops there, except the usual fear of wet weather before and during harvest. Flax is a crop that has suffered especially badly from the prolonged dry spring and early summer. Several hundred acres in southern England have been virtually abandoned. The crop has not grown to the requisite 20 ins. high and so the fibre is of no use to the flax factories. This is a complete loss to the farmer. He can laboriously cut the crop and save some seed, but flax gives only 2-3 cwt. of seed and is nothing like so prolific as ordinary linseed. The flax factories will, I am afraid, have a disappointing season. They have already started to pull the earliest crops and the yield is light, even where the length of fibre promises to be satisfactory.

PASTURES that were as bare as a carpet are now beginning to grow green and, if the season makes amends for early scarcity of keep, we should get a chance to make some silage. All we can scrape together will be wanted—hay will be far short of requirements and silage will make an excellent standby even if the chance to make it does not come until September. It is still possible to buy concrete silos, and for the small man these are possibly the most economical and fool-proof—not that foolishness goes with the size of the farm, but I was thinking of the man who has not been successful before in making silage. It is much better to take some extra trouble now to conserve all that is going rather than be caught short of feeding-stuffs in the New Year when nothing is growing.

WHEN I complimented an old man on the size of the early potatoes he was digging in his garden, he replied: "Yes, they're good enough. I gave them a good scolding those mornings in May when the frost came and took most people's potatoes." Whatever may be the scientific explanation, there does seem to be virtue in the practice of watering delicate crops before the sun is up on the May mornings when we get a sharp frost. It is the sun after the frost that does the damage. Wet foliage takes less harm.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE FUTURE OF LAND VALUES

THE difference between proposals and their acceptance is once more emphasised by the White Paper on *The Control of Land Use*. Much worry and loss of time would be avoided, and often loss of money too, if fuller recognition were shown of the fact that, no matter how it may be backed, even a Parliamentary Bill is subject to fundamental alteration, to say nothing of the chance of eventual rejection, or abandonment.

AFTER THE UTHWATT REPORT

EVER since the appointment, early in 1941, of the Uthwatt Committee "to make an objective analysis of the subject of the payment of compensation and recovery of betterment in respect of the public control of the use of land, and to advise what steps should be taken to prevent the work of reconstruction from being prejudiced," public authorities, private landowners and their professional advisers have been discussing the problem on practical lines, and individuals and societies whose aim is not so much the protection of the rights of real estate as the curtailment of those rights, have hailed the opportunity of airing their views. Now, gone are the "global" valuation schemes, and certain other intricacies of the Uthwatt Report, and the time has come for a fresh approach to the whole question. The most critical opponents of the Uthwatt Report must, however, acknowledge that that Report has served a very useful purpose and that its utility will continue. From the standpoint of property owners and occupiers, the comparative simplicity and directness of the measures now recommended will be welcomed.

DEVELOPMENT RIGHTS

INCIDENTALLY, agents and others who have not hesitated in recent months to embellish their announcements of property for sale, with references to possibilities of development, may claim that the dropping of the idea of imposing a master plan on the whole country justifies them in the line they have taken. Development is not to be hampered by "global" or other mass estimates of the present and future value of property. Although 80 per cent. is to be the suggested betterment levy on any increment in value attributable to a planning authority's permission to develop or redevelop land for a fresh use, landowners will still apparently be able to develop their property or transfer the development rights to someone else. Whether the odd 20 per cent. of the betterment is an adequate proportion to leave the owner will doubtless be a matter of keen argument when the whole subject is again discussed. It is enough to say, at the moment, that such proposals as that limiting compensation for the deprivation of development rights to the conditions existing on March 31, 1939, will also be strongly criticised.

A LAND COMMISSION

WHATEVER is ultimately introduced and becomes law, the proposals to establish a Land Commission to centralise the financial arrangements, and form a board of experts to examine questions of value past, present and prospective seem to me to be very reasonable. Property owners have borne crushing burdens of income-tax and death duties, and many of them have found that the inescapable levy for war damage compensation has necessitated further inroads on diminishing capital resources. All these and other difficulties notwithstanding, they are ready to go on doing their part to

the utmost of their power. What they do, however, ask is that new legislative enactments shall be drafted in such a manner as not to penalise property or paralyse private enterprise. In that spirit, and not tinged by the least contentiousness or obstinacy, owners and agents and their legal advisers will now resume consideration of part of the problem of replanning and reconstruction.

Another aspect of it, one hardly touched as yet, will be the equitable adjustment of owner-occupiers' rights—the position of people who held premises which, because of the absorption of the site into larger sites or into roads, can never be replaced. Much more than the value of the real property is involved in that class of case, often nothing less indeed than the livelihood of the dispossessed persons.

MALHAM TARN FOR SALE

THE Aire rises in Malham Tarn, turns underground for over a mile, and gushes from the limestone at Malham Cove. A picture of the Cove prefaced an article in *COUNTRY LIFE* on January 12, 1929, which described the impressive scenery of this part of the Craven, under the title *In Malhamdale*. Malham Tarn, the largest Yorkshire lake, 153 acres, is part of an estate soon to come under the hammer. Charles Kingsley, in the opening chapter of *The Water Babies*, shows how Little Tom, the chimney sweep, escaping across the moors from his cruel calling as a "climbing-boy" (small boys ascended chimneys to sweep them, before long canes sent the brushes upwards), crawled down Gordale Scar to the village of Vendale, where he shed his soot and rags in the sparkling river and became a water baby. The late Laurence Binyon wrote a fine poem on Malham Cove, and the grandeur and singularity of the district are unsurpassed. Not for the first time in recent years Malham Tarn is for sale, but, however often it may chance to be sold, it is hardly possible to repress a feeling of surprise that a natural feature of that kind can be the object of private and fluctuating ownership.

SUSSEX FARMS SOLD

SUSSEX sales include those of the Beauworth and Kilmeston portions of the Swanmore estate, near Midhurst. With Windmill, Yew Tree, Hamilton and Millbarrow Farms, Messrs. H. E. Morrish, Limited, have acquired the live and dead farming stock, and the pedigree herds of British Friesian cattle and Wessex Saddleback pigs. It is the purchasers' intention to transfer to their newly owned farms the Bepton herds of both classes of cattle and pigs, in the autumn.

At Taunton, 1,127 acres of outlying parts of Nettlecombe Court estate, on the Brendon Hills, near Dunster, have been sold in eight lots, for £14,335, by Mr. Leslie Waite (Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff's Yeovil office) by order of the executors of Mrs. Garnet Wolseley, to defray death duties.

Other West Country auctions have met with success, among them that at Langport, by Messrs. F. L. Hunt and Sons, when Oath Farm, Burrowbridge, 132 acres, realised £8,600, and Hillside Farm, 40 acres, three miles from Langport, near the Taunton-Glastonbury road, £2,300.

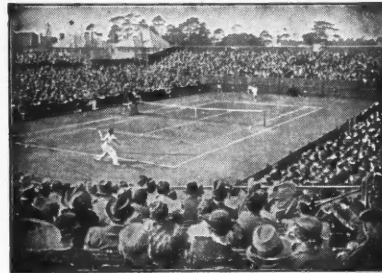
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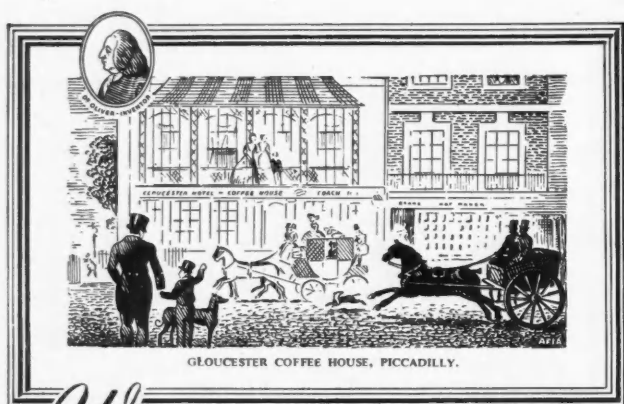
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★ Examine the fore-milk regularly.

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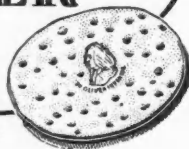


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NEW BOOKS

DOG AND MAN PARTNERSHIP

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THERE is no doubt that men can do wonders with animals. When you watch a tiger leaping through a hoop, a bear balancing on a rolling barrel, or an elephant standing on his hind legs, you may wonder what on earth is the point of teaching any one of them to do the things he does. At the same time, since there are men who undertake to teach animals to do these things, one cannot withhold admiration that creatures so intractable should learn to obey.

Most of us do not get beyond that point in our thinking about the matter. But what if one could train an animal so highly that it learned not only to obey when obedience was good but to disobey when reason told it that this was necessary? I should not have thought it possible, but Mr. Dickson Hartwell's book *Dogs Against Darkness* (Rich and Cowan, 16s.) assures me that it happens. The "dogs against darkness" are dogs trained to co-operate with blind people. In the normal run of things, their obedience is instant and complete; but should the abnormal occur, the dog is so highly trained that he refuses to obey if obedience would lead his master into danger.

DOGS THAT THINK

A case given as an illustration of this concerns a blind man whose dog accompanied him about the hotel in which he lived, and one day obstinately refused to obey the command "Forward" when his master wished to enter the lift. So far from obeying, he held his master back, and the reason was that the lift-gate was open, the lift was not there, and the shaft yawned at the man's feet.

Let us picture a blind man walking with one of these dogs through a city street, his left hand lightly holding the special harness which has been devised. Here comes a shop-awning. It is high enough for the man to pass under, and the dog goes steadily forward. Here comes another, so low that it will crack the man on the head. The dog puts the pressure of its weight on to the harness, and the man goes safely by. At a kerb, whether going up or down, the dog will stop. It will conduct its master past all obstructions. It will see that he safely crosses roads, whatever may be the traffic upon them. This, one sees at once, is a different matter from the "blind man's dog" as we have known him, with the master, as blind as ever, tapping with a stick behind him. These dogs are the blind man's eyes: they have been proved by wide experience to make an enormous difference to the lives of those who use them.

The story told in this book is more deeply fascinating than any I have read for a long time. It is of animals trained to a degree of perfection I should have thought

impossible, animals chosen for their "beauty, intelligence and gaiety," and retaining these admirable qualities throughout the work they do.

It began with an American woman, Mrs. Eustis, who lived in Switzerland, was deeply impressed by the intelligence of Alsations, and (later with the help of another American,

Mr. Elliott Humphrey) went in for careful selective breeding. At first, she trained dogs for use with the Swiss police, and here a word may be said about the general view that the Alsatian is a savage dog. It was not found that the working sheepdog was so, whatever may have happened to the breed once it fell

into the hands of those who cultivated it merely as a show creature. Indeed, the author writes: "The most difficult part of the police course is teaching the dog to attack a human being."

Later, dogs were trained for use with the Swiss Army. They became, among other things, messengers and layers of telephone wire. "Khedive of Fortunate Fields became so expert in this job that he would lay a kilometre of telephone wire in five minutes and ten seconds."

Remarkable stories are told of the dogs' achievements with both the police and the army; and then, in pre-Hitler Germany, Mrs. Eustis discovered that they were being trained to look after soldiers blinded in the last war. What she saw so deeply impressed her that soon this became her sole concern; the work was transferred to the United States, and the "dogs against darkness" were launched upon the world.

Not only is the dog trained: so is the blind man who is to have the dog; "so are those who themselves train the dogs. They live blindfolded day and night for a month; blindfolded, they take the dogs on their tests, so that sight does not permit them "to compensate for any imperfections in the animal."

INCREDIBLE RESULTS

You will read in the book what results—almost incredible results, one might say—have been achieved. The Alsatian is still, in America, the backbone of the work. He makes up 95 per cent. of the dogs used. In this country, where, unknown to most people, the same work is done on a lesser scale, the popular prejudice against the Alsatian as a "savage" dog has told against him, and that highly intelligent creature the working sheepdog does most of the work. "Of the many man-and-dog teams turned out from the English training centre," says the author, "none has ever been involved in an accident due to negligence or error on the part of the dog."

Nevertheless, "the mentality of the British public," Mr. Hartwell says, "has had to be considered," and that mentality, which sees nothing wrong with a dog living on a cushion in a

city flat and never doing a stroke of work in its life, is at once up in arms if a dog is given a job to do. However, now that the 'Tail-Waggers' Club, representing the dogs, and St. Dunstan's and the National Institute for the Blind, representing the men, are all associated with the Guide Dogs for the Blind Association they should be able to overbear the prejudice of the sentimental and ill-informed. No one can read this book and continue to doubt that the work begun in Germany, taken up by Mrs. Eustis, and continued in this country by Captain Liakhoff, is a blessed work, a fascinating point where man and the "lesser creation," as we glibly say, meet at a point of community.

ONENESS OF CREATION

We are all creatures of the Creator, whether we be human or canine, and for all creatures, however man may lord it, there are points of identity. Even the non-breathing creations, the woods and the pastures, are part of the divine all-embracing oneness of creation, as we discover to our hurt when we ravish and destroy them. Can we come, not only by way of a philosophic notion, but as a matter of daily life, into a close relationship with the "lesser creatures," a relationship that will express the "community-in-diversity" of all living things?

Such questions as these, I imagine, were at the back of Mr. Olaf Stapledon's mind when he wrote his novel *Sirius* (Secker and Warburg, 8s. 6d.) For Mr. Stapledon is never content to write a novel merely about the doings of human beings. He seeks to throw a light on the implications of doings, and he doesn't mind how far-fetched and fantastical are the means he uses to make his point. His imagination is exceptionally robust, and it carries him over pits into which many would fall.

The professor in this novel who conducts his experiments with sheep-dogs in North Wales hid his real intention behind the appearance of doing such work as Mrs. Eustis did in Switzerland. But his ambition went beyond this. He was interested in "the essential nature of community," and when his breeding experiments produced *Sirius*, the dog with a human brain, the dog who could talk and compose music and meet Cambridge dons on an equal footing, then he did not hesitate to go the whole hog and foster a growing attachment between the dog and his daughter.

To handle this situation without falling into the ridiculous, to keep it on the plane of impending and finally of actual tragedy, is as hard a task as Mr. Stapledon has ever set himself. I did not feel that he had succeeded, for if you are to demonstrate community-in-diversity you must insist on the diversity as much as on the community. Mr. Stapledon has not done this. By unduly raising the mental capacity of the dog and by debasing towards the brutes' level the physical fastidiousness of the girl, he has destroyed the diversity and established the community on a plane which one refuses, even imaginatively, to accept.

TWO BRAVE LADIES

Paris-Underground, by Etta Shiber (Harrap, 10s. 6d.), is the account given by an American woman of the work she and others did in helping English soldiers to escape from Occupied France after the fall of Paris.

Mrs. Shiber had lived in Paris for some years, sharing an apartment with Kitty Beaurepos, a woman of English birth who had married a

Frenchman. When the Germans were advancing upon Paris, these two women fled, but the roads blocked by panic-stricken millions did not allow them to get far. They were overtaken by the Germans and turned back, and on the way they stopped at an inn. There they found an English airman in hiding. They smuggled him back to Paris concealed in their car, and were able at last to send him on his way with the help of a French "underground" organisation.

This incident, which appeared to them to be isolated and accidental when they were engaged in it, fretted their minds until they found themselves engaged in a regular routine business of helping men in hiding; and from the beginning their own machinery had to be improvised, for the French organisation which took the first case off their hands was quickly dispersed.

MEN FROM DUNKIRK

Soon, however, these two, with a Paris café-keeper, a country priest, and the mayor of a village in the south, became the key-points in a system which cleared hundreds of men out of harm's way. The Gestapo finally scooped them all in. Kitty Beaurepos and the priest were sentenced to death. The author knows that the priest escaped, but she does not know whether Kitty Beaurepos was executed or not. She and some others were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, but eventually the Germans exchanged her against a German woman held in custody in America.

The author tells her story well. One thing that especially interested me was that a German deserter who was passed through with the English soldiers told her that old story about the German attempt to invade England in the late summer of 1940 and of the "thousands of German bodies washed up on the shore, terribly burned."

I wonder whether we shall ever know the truth of this matter? I have come upon the story from English sources as commonly almost as one heard of the Russian troops in England during the last war. This is the first time I have heard of its being repeated by a German. This man said that "Frenchmen as well as Germans had seen the burnt bodies washed up, and some of them told of seeing great walls of flame rise suddenly from the waters of the Channel." You see; he didn't see it himself. The story is always second- or third-hand.

DR. MUIR EVANS, who wrote *The Brain and Body of Fish*, has now chosen for his subject the peculiarities of those sea fish which stab or sting or cause poisonous spines to wound their enemies: *Sting Fish and Sea Fever*, by Dr. Muir Evans (Faber, 15s.). The results obtained by Dr. Evans's research provide very interesting reading, especially to those who frequent the sea or the sea shore. His findings are of importance to sea fishermen, who, in the pursuit of their calling, are liable to be injured by "stinging" fish, for he gives good advice concerning the appropriate first aid. Anyone who spends a holiday by the sea and ventures bare-foot into the water should take note of what may befall if the paddler be unfortunate enough to tread on a weever. Next time that I take a shrimping net I shall be more careful. Next time I pull up my line over the stern or swim from the shore I shall be more circumspect, lest the sting-ray with his devilish tail be on the hook or slash at me. But, even in spite of these among its inhabitants, Dr. Evans finds delight in the sea and all about it. ROY BEDDINGTON.



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NEW COLOURS in FABRICS

marocains and crêpes. "Jersey-de-Luxe" show four or five elegant black frocks with basque effects in front: one has narrow frills edging a plain basque, another is draped to the centre front to simulate a basque. A beltless black crêpe has a grosgrain band running down both fronts and widening out at the hem. A back-fastening black at Trilnick's is absolutely plain save for wristbands and waist belt in gold plastic stencilling that looks like expanding Edwardian gold bracelets and belt, as the stencilling is put on in vertical gold bars about 2½ ins. deep. The baroque gold bands against the dead black are most effective.

A pale dim green is a newcomer in the afternoon colour range and looks like being a winner, for it has a translucent look, in wool as well as rayon, that has great charm. "Jersey-de-Luxe" call it "grapefruit" and make it up as a suit with a pleated front and a jumper cut on the long moulded lines that are so slimming. They combine it with black, using the pale green for the fronts only of a dress where everything else in the outfit is black—sleeves, back, skirt and the long coat over the dress. Variations of this green appear in most other



PHOTOGRAPHS
DERMOT CONOLLY

A cherry red tweed suit from Jaeger has a jacket that buttons to the throat with a turndown collar

(Right) Harella's suit in clerical grey suiting, pin-striped in white, has a straight pleated skirt

NEW woollens for the autumn are making their first bow. I have seen some smart blazer-striped flannels made in Scotland which are being used for tubular, beltless frocks with the stripes worked horizontally. One, where broad stripes of navy, pansy blue and oyster mingled with narrow ones of cherry, was charming; so was a grey striped with mustard. Brilliantly coloured Irish plaid tweeds are being made into pinafore frocks with full-sleeved white blouses. Some of the new Fibros are so soft and pliable they are almost indistinguishable from real wool. There are heavy Fibro crêpes and striped suitings, and dresses in these take only seven coupons. The winter-weight rayon weaves are altogether a splendid proposition. Moygashel are making some thick canvas weaves and a firm, fine twisted fabric that looks like a grey worsted. Colour ranges are large. A mossy green and chestnut brown are woven into a herring-bone pattern and are as thick in texture as a suit tweed. A clean-looking nigger and white herring-bone is for the tailored frocks with narrow leather belts and worked all ways of the material. Paisley prints are vivid in colour. One with a cherry ground and the design in browns and oyster touched with China blue is charming; so is the same pattern on turquoise or jade green.

Black is easily the leading colour for afternoon frocks and makes a battalion of tubular dresses, many of them with the line only broken on the hips by slight drapery, or a frilled peplum that gives the effect of a jumper. Necklines are almost always collarless and flat, either square or cut to a V or a heart-shaped *décolletage*. Black dresses that are completely plain and beltless, fitting the figure like the paper on the wall, button right down the back. They are made in heavy soot-black





No, there isn't any placket! No buttons or other fasteners on the hips to cause bulkiness or spoil the symmetry of the hip line. The now fashionable 'ZWOW' man-style pocket supersedes the old style placket and provides the neatest of neat fasteners on the waistband. Good drapers and stores everywhere stock 'GOR-RAY' Skirts in a wide variety of attractive styles featuring the 'ZWOW.'

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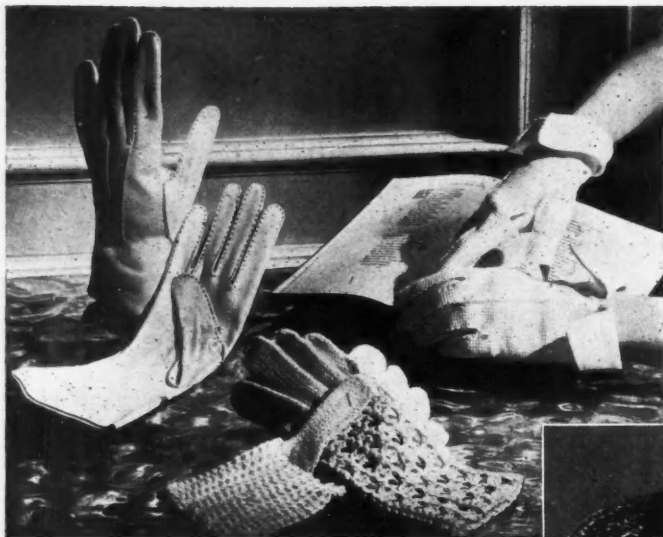
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fine wool with wide revers of crisp,
white pique. In navy, powder blue
and brown. £13.14.3
(14 coupons)

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Left: Chamois pull-on, handstitched in black. Middle: Handknit gloves with ribbed back and arrow stitching in a bright contrast. Right: White waffle pique handstitched with a deep cuff. All from Fortnum and Mason

collections where it is called "smoky jade," "eau-de-nil," "cactus." It is, as its name describes it, a pale green with a lot of blue in it. Norman Hartnell has always been fond of it in a very pale tint for dinner dresses in pleated satin or afternoon outfits in wool crêpe and found it definitely becoming. A deep, vivid purple also appears in most of the dress collections. This is never a colour that is very popular, but, as a high fashion, worn in the right way, has a great chic. In the "Jersey-de-Luxe" collection a dramatic dress with a tucked undulating peplum like a lampshade was in a real royal purple. A draped jumper was the colour of Devon violets.

A long-sleeved crêpe evening blouse, cut like an artist's painting-blouse, was the tint of pale pink violets.

WOMEN are buying all kinds of scarves, belts, antique jewellery and exotic head-gear to ring the changes with the plain tubular frocks. The plainest of shoes are being designed for afternoon, most of them with flat tongues or flat square leather bows. It is the country tweeds that get the fancy shoes. These neat afternoon shoes have leather soles and heels and fit closely without a wrinkle right up to the ankle bone. A new design by Brevitts has a flat bow and comes in soft black calf. Styl-Eez show them in navy and black kid; Huttons in different-coloured suêdes and cherry-red grained leather. The wedge shoes indulge in bright colour combinations, in vivid laces at the side or gillie fastenings, in cut-out sections with "pinked" edges on the toes or outlining the lacing, in piping and fringed tongues. Scarlet and Lincoln green, navy and plum, navy with bright blue or scarlet, tan and dark brown, russet brown and bright green are the favourite combinations. The all-scarlet Joyce Coolie wedge is the shoe that starts a queue on sight in the stores.

It is the first model this firm made in England before the war and still the most popular.

Hand-made shoes can still be obtained by waiting patiently; so can hand-made gloves, such as the beautiful ones at Fortnum and Mason's and The White House in black, navy and dark brown suède with one line of herring-bone stitching down the centre of the backs and a herring-bone effect to the seam stitching. White waffle piqué gloves at Fortnum and Mason's have deep cuffs and this same attractive seaming, are smart with the many town outfits touched with white or with a suit and a blouse in the same white waffle piqué. For country, there are hand-stitched chamois and hand-knitted cashmeres in a tiny all-over dice pattern.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.



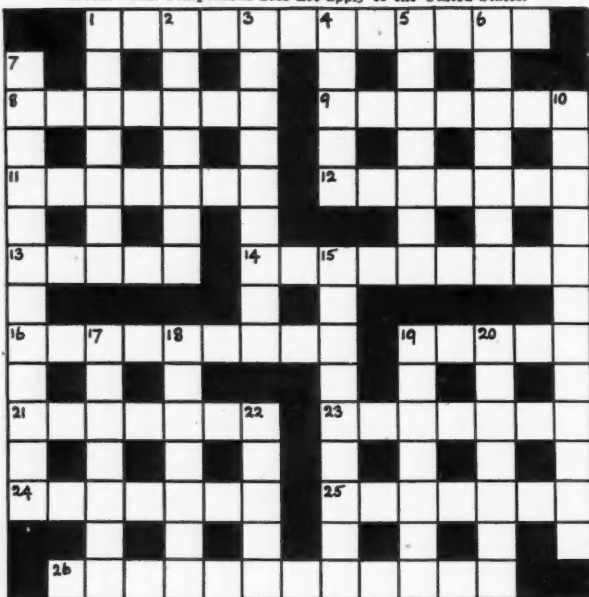
(Left) A chip straw sailor from Scotts; a coral-coloured brim and a navy crown

PHOTOGRAPHS DENES

CROSSWORD No. 754

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 754, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, July 13, 1944.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr. Mrs., etc.)
Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 753. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of June 30, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Bitter bit; 5, Bad air; 9, Lovebird; 10, Got off; 11, Agreed to; 12, Agnate; 14, Contradict; 18, Resistance; 22, Heeded; 23, Militant; 24, Visits; 25, Ignoring; 26, Curare; 27, Idleness. DOWN.—1, Balaam; 2, Tavern; 3, Robber; 4, Irrational; 6, A long way; 7, Aromatic; 8, Reflects; 13, Stockinged; 15, Cry "Havoc"; 16, Assessor; 17, Assessor; 19, Filose; 20, Ravine; 21, Stages.

ACROSS.

1. Garden way-in for the visitor (3, 5, 4)
8. Hard (7)
9. A kind of plague (7)
11. Agitation of a pronoun and a preposition backwards and two others forward (7)
12. People who offer money corruptly (7)
13. A topsy-turvy sun in the midst of what sounds like ease (5)
14. The conductor's opposite (9)
16. A decree (9)
19. A quality of the marriage knot (5)
21. Transmuted desires (7)
23. What the tortoise does when he races the hare (7)
24. Ben lead or authorised (7)
25. Separate (7)
26. What Europe will be when the war is won (12)

DOWN.

1. They supply tea-cups for the board (7)
2. Interrogate (7)
3. Re ten ton I intervene (9)
4. This governor may be worth a fortune but shows only a shilling (5)
5. He represents a certain combination of a brag and a lie — scarcely archangelic qualities (7)
6. A little gentleman who has been in the sun? (7)
7. Resort (4, 8)
10. It has the keys of the till (12)
15. From which she gets the sea-shells that she sells (9)
17. Dad is in confusion (7)
18. In the form of nodules (7)
19. Fitting subjects for creditors (7)
20. Lier changed and added for a country (7)
22. This place is a change from the Andes (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 754 is
Mrs. I. E. V. Crutchley,
81, Grove End Gardens,
London, N.W.8.



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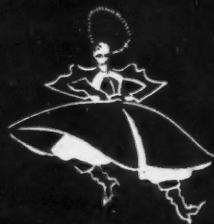
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